THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

For SEPTEMBER 1785.

[*With a* VIEW *of* CASTLE CAMPBELL *near* Alloa, *An* ANCIENT MONUMENT, *and a* NEW SONG.]

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A STATE of the BAROMETER in inches and decimals, and of Farenheit's THERMOMETER, in the open air, ſhaded from the ſun's rays, taken between twelve and three o'clock afternoon, and the quantity of Rain-water fallen, in inches and decimals, from the 31ſt of Auguſt to the 29th of Sept. 1785, near the foot of Arthur's Seat.

Days	Ther.	Barom. Inch.	Rain Inch.	Weather.	Thermometer at Noon, taken at Highgate near London.
Aug. 27					63
28					71
29					69
30	—		0.03	Cloudy, ſmall ſhow.	70
31	63	29.59375	———	Ditto.	61
1	61	29.494375	0.04	Ditto, ditto.	61
2	61	2.5939	———	Ditto.	65
3	62	29.68	———	Ditto.	69
4	64	29.625	0.14	Rain.	66
5	61	29.02125	0.13	Ditto.	65
6	57	29.5	1.36	Ditto.	63
7	54	29.8875	0.23	Ditto.	67
8	61	29.945125	———	Clear.	68
9	65	29.76875	———	Ditto.	67
10	64	29.009875	———	Ditto.	66
11	70	29.825	———	Ditto.	57
12	64	29.9625	} 0.04	Ditto.	65
13	69	29.955		Ditto, ſmall ſhowers.	68
14	70	29.8275	0.1	Showery.	71
15	65	29.825	———	Clear.	61
16	62	29.85	0.01	Showery.	68
17	65	29.925	3.7	Rain.	70
18	64	29.875	0.53	Ditto.	67
19	65	29.875	0.1	Showery.	70
20	61	29.78	0.44	Ditto.	65
21	52	29.725	0.02	Ditto,	63
22	55	29.8	0.01	Ditto.	60
23	48	29.84875	0.04	Ditto.	62
24	60	29.3675	3.8	Rain.	65
25	48	29.38375	———	Clear.	57
26	59	29.0625	———	Ditto	
27	58	30.05	———	Ditto.	
28	51	30.3	———	Ditto.	
29	53	30.42	———	Ditto.	
			10.72		

11 } 14 } 70 higheſt ſtate two o'Clock, P. M.

26 35 loweſt ſtate before ſun-riſe.

—— 63 mean ſtate of September.

Sketch of the Life of W. *Earl of* Mansfield.

TO delineate in a manner ſuitable to the ſubject the hiſtory and character of this nobleman, as it would require much greater abilities than we pretend to, ſo it would occupy more room than the nature of our undertaking will permit us to beſtow upon any one eſſay. All that we mean to offer is a ſketch. Nevertheleſs, we hope, that even the rough draught of a picture ſo intereſting will be well received by our readers, eſpecially by thoſe who follow the ſame purſuits which have raiſed his Lordſhip to ſuch eminence. Not that we would inſinuate that he has pointed out a tract for other men to tread, or that by imitation they may compaſs what he has attained: We are ſenſible that none can imitate ſtrength or ſwiftneſs but the ſtrong or the ſwift; nor need any man propoſe Lord Mansfield for a model, who cannot, by the ſame giant-ſtride, command the ſtops and hindrances of an impracticable way.

Indeed his Lordſhip's life has been peculiarly fortunate. Almoſt every new exertion of his talents has added to the luſtre of his former reputation. And though the public eſteem for his character has ſometimes ſuffered a temporary diminution by the ſucceſs of the moſt inſidious, though able and well-concerted attacks; yet has he triumphed undefended over them at laſt: And if we, who are at a diſtance from the capital, may be allowed to give our opinion, we think, now that he is retiring from buſineſs, and the near proſpect of loſing him entirely opens itſelf, he never was ſo high in the public eſtimation, and that his name bids fair to deſcend to poſterity honoured with a degree of veneration and reſpect greater than that which will accompany the moſt illuſtrious of his cotemporaries: the falſehood and malice, avowed and diſavowed, of the enemies to his fame, will be held in deteſtation.

He was the fourth ſon of David Viſcount of Stormont, and was born in 1704. He received his claſſical education at Weſtminſter ſchool; from whence he went to Oxford univerſity, where he remained till 22 or 23 years of age: He then began to ſtudy law, having entered himſelf at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in November 1730.

For ſeveral years he remained in obſcurity, till an unforeſeen accident brought to light his uncommon qualifications. It was towards the end of a ſeſſion of parliament, when all the eminent counſellors were out of town, and Murray was employed to plead on an appeal to the Houſe of Lords. His eloquence amazed the houſe, and occaſioned a diviſion; on which there was a majority of votes in favour of his client.

In 1742 he was appointed Solicitor-General; and his practice, which had continued increaſing with his reputation, was now ſo great, that there was ſcarce any cauſe of conſequence in which he was not retained. The office he held made it neceſſary for him to be connected with adminiſtration; but he always confined his attention chiefly to the duties of his profeſſion, ſeldom taking the lead in politics. If at any time he interfered, it was not in that ardent, bold, and decided manner becoming the ſuperiority of his talents, and giving the tone to the aſſembly in which he ſat: He allowed the turbulent and ambitious leaders of factions to retain the aſcendant, and poſſeſs the helm, tho' none was qualified to diſpute with himſelf the management of the veſſel of the ſtate. His motives for acting in this manner were ſuppoſed to originate in conſtitutional timidity and irre-

irresolution, as he was always extremely cautious of embarking himself in personal disputes, and was alleged to have had on several occasions declined taking up the gauntlet which Mr Pitt evidently threw down to him. We cannot help thinking that the worst side of his conduct is exposed in this manner. That he has all along had an aversion to politics, is true; but why from timidity? A man immersed in the employment on which, from the beginning of his life, he had rested his fame, might be averse to distract his attention by other interesting objects; and much, we are convinced, is attributed to his timidity, which could be better explained from his delicacy. When absolutely forced into altercation with the busy, meddling, and abusive personality of Mr Pitt, he never failed to exhibit a striking instance of spirit and eloquence. But men of delicate feelings are too much wounded in such scenes not to avoid them. Their souls are not wrapped up in that well formed and impenetrable callus, which resists not only the impression of calumny, but the stings of conscience and the attacks of shame. Some men, on the contrary, and we fear the renowned patriot we mentioned a little ago was of this number, are provided with this sturdy buckram of the mind; if they are allowed the unlimited use of illiberal invective against others, they care not what is said of themselves. Poor Murray, we believe, would have thought himself more dishonoured by using such scandalous arts, than by even the most bitter calumnies being poured upon him.

If we may be allowed another conjecture regarding the diffidence of Mr Murray in his legislative capacity, perhaps his conduct may in some measure be accounted for from the principles which it is said were imbibed by him in his early youth. Though in our riper years, when reflection, improved judgment, more extensive information, assist us, we cast off our early prejudices; yet these operate by silent and secret means often so strongly as to give a colour and tinge to our imagination and our sentiments; and while we think their effects are entirely eradicated, they are influencing every action of our lives. Mr Murray, it is known, was once a Jacobite. The high Tory principles must have obtained an early possession of his mind, and though afterwards he renounced Jacobitism, yet he might be conscious of entertaining some remaining doctrines which were not calculated to gain popularity: Or he might perceive that the general complections of his mind on the subject of government, were in some measure different from the great majority and most respectable characters of the nation. His opinion concerning the powers of juries; his sentiments on the American war; his uniform decency, as he may think it, towards our gracious Sovereign, in never counteracting him on any occasion, whether right or wrong; we cannot help thinking the effects in some measure of those wretched principles which overclouded the lustre of his youthful mind.

As a counsellor, Mr Murray's success was chiefly owing to the astonishing superiority of his natural abilities. Amidst all his extensive business he was a man of pleasure. He loved company, and indulged himself in the social enjoyments. Nor did he sacrifice his hours of rest, unlike other men in the same situation, who watch while others are at their repose: he threw off his cares in the evening, and lay a-bed all the morning; making it a strict rule, never on any occasion to want regular sleep, nor neglect his health. His great quickness supplied the want of labour; and he made some of his most remarkable pleadings after scarcely reading over his brief.

To

To ſome this may appear incredible; but though we acknowledge that no ordinary talents could perform it, yet when it is conſidered, that at this time Murray was always the chief counſel of his ſide, and had the advantage in every cauſe of hearing the pleadings of the junior counſel, it will not appear above the human capacity: after two or three ſpeeches, almoſt every man has a general view of a ſubject, and can form an opinion on it. Indeed it requires the promptneſs of a Manſfield or a Fox to digeſt theſe with ſuch expedition, and remember them with ſuch accuracy, as to be able to harangue with force and preciſion without an intermediate preparation. But ſuch men may be equal to the taſk; and Murray always executed his part with an ingenuity and perſuaſive eloquence, which generally not only convinced his own clients of the juſtice of his cauſe, but even the oppoſite party that their plea was groundleſs. We have heard a noted inſtance of this on occaſion of a ſuit depending before the great Lord Hardwicke. Murray had exerted himſelf with uncommon energy, ſo as to ſatisfy not only the whole auditory, but the counſel employed againſt him, that his client had juſtice on his ſide; and the whole court were ſurpriſed to find they had been deluded, when the fallacy of his argument was laid open by the unerring judgment and penetration of the chancellor †.

Is it to be ſuppoſed that our eloquent countryman was deceived by his own ingenuity on this occaſion? or was he aware of the defects of his argument, though determined to try its effect, like a champion whoſe only aim is to get the victory? Let thoſe anſwer the queſtion who enjoy the higheſt reputation at the bar. The buſineſs of a counſellor is not to judge but ſuggeſt. The very argument which is falſe in the form in which he ſtates it, may, when connected with conſiderations which had not occurred to him, be forcible and juſt; the judge may find theſe; beſides, the judge muſt be ſuppoſed competent to his ſituation. He is not to be deceived by fine-ſpun arguments. His receiving them is the teſt by which their ſolidity is proved.

About the year 1747, the court of London was engaged in a very diſagreeable diſpute with the King of Pruſſia, on account of the ſeizure of ſome veſſels belonging to his Pruſſian Majeſty, laden with naval ſtores for the uſe of the French. Strong remonſtrances were made againſt the condemnation of theſe ſhips and their cargoes in our admiralty court. The King of Pruſſia complained of partiality; and ſtated in a pamphlet publiſhed by his agent, that as the Britiſh ſubjects had a claim upon him for the Sileſian loan, we were intereſted in the deciſion, and conſequently improper judges. The merits of the cauſe were finally heard before the privy council; and Mr Murray ſhowed himſelf to be as great a civilian as any in Europe. He refuted all the arguments of the Pruſſian agent and their counſel; the ſhips were finally condemned; and he is ſuppoſed to have been the author of a printed anſwer to all the memorials publiſhed by the court of Berlin on the ſubject.

Upon the promotion of Sir Dudley Ryder to the office of chief juſtice of the King's Bench in the month of April 1754, Mr Murray was made attorney-general; and on the 25th of October 1756, he was created a peer of the realm, by the ſtyle and title of Lord Manſfield, Baron

† Another aſtoniſhing inſtance of the power of his eloquence we have in the eulogium pronounced on him by Lord Lovat, againſt whoſe life he had been pleading: "I have heard him with pleaſure, though pleading againſt my life. I heartily wiſh the country in which he was born may not prove a bar to the promotion his merit intitles him to."

Baron of Mansfield in the county of Nottingham: at the same time he was nominated chief justice of the King's Bench; and he took his seat in that court the following month, soon after the opening of Michaelmas term. On the 9th of April 1757, Mr Pitt having resigned the seals of secretary of state for the southern department, Mr Legge also resigned the office of chancellor of the exchequer; when Lord Mansfield was appointed *pro tempore* till a new administration could be formed. In the month of January 1770, by virtue of a commission under the great seal, Lord Mansfield was appointed to supply the place of the lord chancellor, or lord keeper of the great seal, as speaker to the house of lords, in case of the sickness or other unavoidable absence of the chancellor or lord keeper for the time being. And by virtue of this commission his Lordship has ever since sat as *locum tenens* upon such occasions.

On the 18th of October 1776, his Lordship was raised to the dignity of an Earl of the kingdom of Great Britain, by the title of Earl of Mansfield in the county of Nottingham. Having now gone through the line of his Lordship's promotions, we have only to add, that it is generally believed he has repeatedly refused the highest dignity of the law, that of lord high chancellor of Great Britain, for which various reasons have been assigned; but that which appears most suitable to his exalted notions of honour and delicacy is, a diffidence of his abilities to render the same service to the state in the court of chancery as he has done for many years in the court of king's-bench. In the course of presiding nearly 31 years in the sovereign court of justice, it is impossible for any man to have avoided censure and calumny; and perhaps the greater the genius, and the more strictly impartial the conduct of a chief justice of all England, the more liable he may be to incur popular odium, and to experience every sort of disappointment, malice, and resentment. The office itself is in some measure rendered obnoxious, because it takes cognizance of, and severely punishes, offences, which the people in general, from mistaken notions of civil liberty, are apt to consider in a less criminal light than that in which the law places them.

As a judge, he has almost uniformly attracted the esteem and admiration of the public. The prompt decision on the most difficulit cases which came before him, evinced, that his judgment equalled his ingenuity *. He grew extremely popular; men of all ranks thought they saw in him a barrier against every civil wrong. He had supported the utmost integrity and purity of morals; and his judgment was thought to approach infallibility. He received the most flattering marks of the public approbation †.

During the wretched administration of the Duke of Grafton, the popular discontents, artfully fomented on the one hand, and increased by extreme folly on the other, grew outrageous. Lord Mansfield, the most respectable among those who countenanced the ministry, was consequently a prominent mark for the op-

* Nor does it require a small degree of resolution to maintain the character of a judge. The present chancellor, it is said, though perfectly decided to go all lengths in politics, is as timid and irresolute in the judicial business proper to his own court as Mansfield was decided and bold. It is even insinuated, that at his first elevation Lord Thurlowe could do nothing without consulting the chief justice.

† At one period we are informed, that when the Sovereign entered the play-house he could scarce escape a hiss; but joy and veneration filled every countenance, and loud clapping expressed their pleasure, when Lord Mansfield honoured it with his presence.

oppoſition. Junius, the only inſtance of a newſpaper champion, whoſe writings have by the elegance and vigour of the ſtyle outlived the heat of the hour, attacked him with virulence and ſucceſs. Junius was read and admired for his abilities even by thoſe who ſaw through and deteſted his arts; but the bulk of the nation were deceived by his miſrepreſentations. He is read to this hour, and will be read perhaps as long as elegant Engliſh is held in any value. Lord Mansfield's popularity declined: it was remembered that he was a Scotchman, and had been a Jacobite; the two characters moſt obnoxious to the popular prejudices of the time.

The ſubject on which Junius made his grand attack was the opinion which Lord Mansfield entertained on the powers of a jury; different in appearance, but very little ſo in reality, from that of his cotemporaries. His doctrine amounted to this, That the law did not properly fall under the deciſion of the jury; yet, if they choſe, they might likewiſe give verdict upon that as well as upon the fact: but it is now generally received even in this part of the united kingdom, that they are ſovereign judges of both. His Lordſhip's doctrine on libels, we entirely ſubſcribe to. *A thing may be true, and yet a libel;* a plainer propoſition cannot be conceived. The good name of any man may be blaſted (however faultleſs he may be) by *telling the truth.* Even thoſe demi-reps in character, whoſe half virtues yet in ſome meaſure adorn and ſtrengthen ſociety, ought not to be left to the mercy of *the truth;* which may always be ſo artfully managed in the diſplay, that it is, if poſſible, more malicious and wicked, and even more *falſe*, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, than falſehood itſelf: but *non tali auxilio.*

More open and avowed attacks were afterwards made upon Lord Mansfield; of which the moſt celebrated was that of Mr A—— S——, agent for the unſucceſsful party in the famous Douglas cauſe. It is curious to reflect how great an effect Mr S——'s letters had upon a conſiderable part of the public, conſidering the foundations upon which that gentleman reſted his hypotheſis. We ſhall not, however, enter more into this queſtion than to obſerve, that his chief grounds of crimination againſt Lord Mansfield were, 1ſt, Paying any regard to the evidence of a witneſs *whom all the judges on the ſame ſide thought unexceptionable.* 2dly, Attacking his, Mr S——'s, conduct, *when the ſame judges to a man had done ſo.* 3dly, Deciding againſt the filiation in the Angleſea cauſe, which Mr S—— inſiſted was the ſame, *when the two cauſes had no correſpondence either in the proof or in the point of law.*

But it would be waſting the time of our readers to give an account of every attack that has been made upon his Lordſhip. We have no doubt that time will obliterate the moſt of them entirely, from the able and pointed efforts of Junius and Mr S—— down to the miſerable attempts of the biographer of Sir William Blackſtone. It is not to be ſuppoſed that Lord Mansfield is perfect, becauſe humanity is not capable of perfection; but he certainly is far above the pitiful tricks and fruitleſs crimes which theſe prejudiced and angry writers have imputed to him. In other reſpects his character is well intitled to that laſting and unſullied fame, which we make no doubt it will receive.

The laſt remarkable incident which happened to him was the burning of his houſe during the riots in 1780. That there was a deſign upon his life, is certain. Lady Mansfield and others of his family aſked allowance to leave the houſe and paſs through the crowd

crowd in ſafety: "Let them go, (ſaid a leader of the multitude,) *it is not them we want;* but where is Lord Mansfield?" To be marked for deſtruction by the flagitious, is an honour. The daring and ambitious nobleman, who was ſuſpected as a prime mover in theſe diſturbances, and then anxiouſly hovered round the capital like a bird of prey, while his friends and dependents were in ſecret and ſuſpicious ſituations in the city, was, it is known, an inveterate enemy to Lord Mansfield †.

Soon after the riots, ſeveral intereſting queſtions aroſe concerning the duties and powers of the civil magiſtrate in the application of a military force for preventing popular diſturbances or diſperſing the rioters. The legiſlature had on former occaſions been extremely puzzled upon this ſubject; and the famous riot-act, which required that it ſhould be read over before proceeding to force againſt the rabble, or even before any degree of criminality was ſuppoſed to be incurred by the rioters remaining aſſembled for the worſt purpoſes, was no doubt extremely defective. For an active mob could generally prevent the act even being read, or while it was reading commit the intended miſchief; or they might continue aſſembled, though not exactly in the ſame place. Then the concurrence of a magiſtrate was held neceſſary; who could not always be found: and if the rioters were numerous, a ſufficient number of magiſtrates conld not be procured to authoriſe the military in every quarter. But Lord Mansfield, at once, by a novel but ſeemingly juſt doctrine, ſolved the difficulty. He aſſerted, that in a riot every man was a magiſtrate, and could prevent miſchief even by ſhedding blood. We believe that his lordſhip's ſentiments were generally aſſented to; a circumſtance which proves to us how high his authority muſt be, and the great confidence given to his opinions. If we are not miſtaken, his Lordſhip, on an after-occaſion, led the public in an affair of the greateſt conſequence which this country has been engaged in ſince the Revolution. We have been informed, that it was he who firſt diſcovered the objection to Mr Fox's India bill, which became afterwards ſo popular a topic; and that the ſanction of his opinion was one of the chief cauſes of its becoming ſo. Whether he was right or wrong on this point, we will not pretend to determine; but we cannot think, if it be true, that he is ſo unpopular as ſome would fain repreſent him.

† When the King, on a former occaſion, diſmiſſed this nobleman from his office of ſecretary of ſtate, he aſked Lord Mansfield if he approved. Sir, replied he, I think you almoſt committed treaſon againſt the ſtate when you appointed him. This Lord S—— never forgave.

AN elegant and beautiful monument has been lately opened in the abbey-church at Bath, to the memory of Lady Miller, late of Batheaſton Villa. Upon a large plate of beautiful ſtatuary marble, at the front of the monument, is the following inſcription:

Near this monument, are depoſited the remains of
LADY MILLER,
Wife to Sir *John Miller*, Bart. of Batheaſton Villa:
She departed this life at the *Hot Wells* of Briſtol, the 24th of June 1781, in the 41ſt year of her age.

Devoted ſtone! amidſt the wrecks of time,
Uninjured bear thy Miller's ſpotleſs name:
The virtues of her youth, and ripen'd prime,
The tender thought, th'enduring record claim.
When clos'd the num'rous eyes that round this bier
Have wept the loſs of wide-extended worth,
O, gentle ſtranger, may one gen'rous tear
Drop as thou bendeſt o'er this hallow'd earth!
Are Truth and Genius, Love and Pity, thine,
With lib'ral Charity, and Faith ſincere?
Then reſt thy wand'ring ſtep beneath this ſhrine,
And greet a kindred ſpirit hov'ring near.

Character of the KING OF PRUSSIA, *Exhibited in a new Light.*

AMONG the various miſcellaneous pieces that have been communicated to the public, few have been received with more pleaſure than thoſe on the King of Pruſſia; but they have chiefly tended towards painting him the conſummate general, and deſpotic prince, engaged in fields of carnage and contention, and purſuing endleſs ſchemes of arbitrary reformation, than as the benign ſovereign, kindly exerting his wholeſome influence in increaſing the happineſs as well as the number of his ſubjects; amply providing for the employment as well as the ſubſiſtence of every individual of his dominions—features that are equally ſtriking in a faithful portrait of Frederick II. which I here beg leave to preſent you for publication; and to prove, (by a faithful expoſition of ſome facts relative to his Pruſſian Majeſty's civil conduct), that he is no leſs the wiſe legiſlator and beneficent father of his people, than the avowed incomparable captain and moſt ſkilful warrior of the age.

It was reſerved for this great monarch, not only to re-eſtabliſh and double the population of his ancient hereditary States, notwithſtanding the long and bloody wars he has had to ſuſtain, but alſo to triple that of his dominions by provinces newly acquired.

The encouraging of agriculture being the moſt certain mode of increaſing population (becauſe it ſupplies the more immediate and moſt neceſſary ſubſiſtence for the inhabitants of a country), his Majeſty has never ceaſed, during his reign, not only to rebuild the villages and farms which had decayed and diſappeared thro' the injuries and proceſs of time, but has even formed new ones on the banks of the principal rivers; moſt of which being formerly ſubject to overflow and inundate much fertile ground, he has had contracted by embankments, and gained on their waters an immenſe number of acres of arable land and excellent paſture, and given it gratis to coloniſts, moſtly foreigners; built them dwellings, ſupplied them with every thing elſe wanted for their eſtabliſhment, and exempted them from all taxes and military inrollments for a long time. This has been done on the rivers of the Nertze and Wartha, from Drieſſen to Cuſtrin; and has brought into cultivation 120,000 acres, and the eſtabliſhment of 3000 families, on the Oder, from Cuſtrin to Oderberg, on the Havel and the Elbe, on the great lake of Madua in Pomerania, on the bogs or ſwamps of Fiener, in the country of Magdebourg, in the invirons of Potſdam; in ſhort, in a great number of places in every province, the enumeration of which would require a volume.

He is at preſent engaged in having the ſwamps or bogs of Dromling, (an almoſt inacceſſible tract in the Vieille or Old Marche), drained and cleared; by which it is reckoned, that 120,000 acres will be reſtored to paſturage and cultivation. In theſe different undertakings and improvements, his Majeſty has built and ſettled in the Electoral Marche of Brandebourg,

	Villages Hamlets or Farms.	In which families are ſettled.
In the Electoral Marche of Brandenbourg - -	217	10,740
In the New Marche	152	3,643
In Pomerania -	100	5,312
In the countries of Magdebourg and Halberſtadt -	20	2,805
In the provinces of Cleves, Marck, Gueldres, Meurs, Minden, Raevnſberg,		

		Villages, Hamlets or Farms.	In which families are settled.
berg, Tecklenberg, Lingue, and Ostfrize	- -	0	4,940
In Western Prussia		50	1,119
In Silesia	-	0	14,050
	Total	539	40,609

His Majesty, not satisfied with having built all these villages, and settled such a number of families of foreign and domestic colonists in his dominions, has advanced to gentlemen and land-owners in the Marches, Pomerania, and in Silesia, sums of money, to the amount of several millions of crowns, to enable them to clear and improve their lands, and establish colonists; which sums he either made them a present of or only reserved one or two *per cent.* interest for salaries for school-masters, or pensions for the widows and daughters of indigent officers.

He has given from his own demesnes upwards of 300 farms, in hereditary lease to all kinds of cultivators, by separating them from the great bailiwicks, which is one of the properest and most ready modes of increasing population; for the smaller the possessions, and the more divided they are, the more inhabitants any given tract will maintain.

His Majesty has greatly favoured agriculture, by authorizing and encouraging with bounties the abolition of commonage, and inclosing great tracts of land and pasture; from which proprietors will derive infinitely greater advantage than when held in common: this difficult arrangement has been effected in hundreds of villages, and is yearly increasing.

His Majesty tends towards (and has attained) the same end, by causing the seed of lucerne, clover, and lupin, to be distributed to every cultivator that applies for it, by prevailing on them to purchase numbers of cows, and giving them large sums yearly in bounties for all manner of rural industry.

One of the great means by which his Majesty is enabled to prevent famines in case of bad harvests, and consequently depopulation, is having established immense magazines of corn in every province for the subsistence of his army in case of war, or for that of his subjects when crops fail; by purchasing corn for the magazines, grain is kept up at a price that is tolerable to the cultivator; and by opening them in times of scarcity or monopoly, a medium price is always preserved in the markets. Hence the Prussian States, though famed for very limited fertility, did not suffer by the dreadful famine of 1772, that in other the most fruitful countries of Germany destroyed so many people, but were enabled even to assist the wants of their neighbours.

If his Majesty has thus greatly encouraged population by promoting agriculture, he has contributed as much, nay, perhaps more, towards its increase by the vast number of manufactories and trades of all sorts, that he has established at Berlin and Potsdam, and in almost every great and small town throughout his dominions, and supporting them by advance of cash. It would take a large book to detail all these manufactories, and the great sums his Majesty has employed on them. I shall content myself with mentioning, that we have almost every possible manufactory, which not only exclusively supplies the Prussian States, but also very distant countries, with linens and woollens, such as Spain and Italy, even to China, whither our small Silesian cloths go through Russia. We export yearly to the amount of six millions of crowns in linens, and four millions

in

in cloths and woollens; which added to the iron and hardware of the country of La Mark (about a million more), the wood of Brandenbourg and Pomerania, the corn, flax, and lumber of Pruſſia, and the important commerce with Poland carried on by Koningſberg, Memel, Elbing, Dantzig, and Stetting, ſecures a balance of trade much in our favour.

It is natural that ſo many manufactories ſhould ſupport a great number of workmen, and attract many foreigners, thereby increaſe that claſs of citizens, and conſequently our population. There are in his Majeſty's dominions one hundred and twenty-three thouſand manufacturers of ſilk, woollen, linens, cottons, leatner, and other articles, to the amount of ſixteen millions of crowns, eight millions of which is for foreign ſale: reckoning four to every manufacturer's family, our manufactures ſubſiſt half a milion of people, one twelfth of our population; whence it may be judged whether Pruſſia is merely a military State!

His Majeſty protects the manufacturers in every poſſible way, particularly in advancing them large ſums, encouraging them by bounties, and forming magazines of wool in all the little towns for the ſmall workers in that article: the towns of Berlin and Potſdam are for this reaſon exempted from military enliſtments, and nearly the ſame indulgence is granted to the diſtricts of the Sileſian mountains, where poor but induſtrious ſober weavers, ſettled in a confined barren ſoil, keep up the flouriſhing manufactory of linen for exportation, that is worth ſo many millions; and from the little town of Kirchberg alone, an annual commerce of two millions of crowns: theſe diſtricts are allotted to recruit the foot-guards, but his Majeſty, to avoid diſturbing their population, ſeldom draws them from thence.

In the reign of the late King we had already good and numerous manufactories of cloth, wool, linen, and arms. His preſent Majeſty has added to them the important ones of cotton, ſilk, china, ſugar, leather, minerals, and a number of more inconſiderable ones; which, however, taken collectively, become equally an object:—a ſixth part of the ſilk is of the growth of the country.

The navigation of Pruſſia is materially augmented by the favour and protection his Majeſty extends to his flag, which is reſpected by every one, even the Moors. We equip, in the maritime provinces of Pruſſia, Pomerania, and Oſtfriſe, twelve hundred veſſels; which at ten men per crew, employ and ſubſiſt twelve thouſand ſeamen. Our national veſſels have all the import and export trade of the Pruſſian dominions, and begin to have a conſiderable coaſting trade, eſpecially from Emden.

The kingdom of Pruſſia for a long time, through vulgar prejudice, has been reputed merely a military State, little calculated for population. I believe I have proven ſhe has perhaps more good civil eſtabliſhments than moſt other kingdoms, great or ſmall, that are too often abandoned to the care of chance or induſtry of individuals for their proſperity;—but it is not difficult to ſhow farther, by a few more obſervations, that the Pruſſian army is a true national militia, ſuch as the Romans had, and as the Engliſh wiſh, but never will have;—and that it is ſo framed, as rather to increaſe than diminiſh population. It is well known his Majeſty has an army of upwards of two hundred thouſand, at all times ready to move, half of them the ſons of our own peaſantry, day-labourers, and other cultivators of the country, who in the months of April and May join their regiments to be drilled and exerciſed in their military evolutions, and afterwards return to their families in the country,

to till their lands. It is this excellent national militia, attached to their country, animated with the Pruſſian name, and commanded by princes, ſkilful generals, and an ancient national nobility, not rich, but patriotic, that gained the famous battles of Roſbach and Leuthen, againſt forces three times their number, and which will ever conquer, and that more eaſily when purged of the foreign mercenary ſoldiers that form the other half of the army, and are inliſted for money, in order to ſpare the national population; theſe foreigners are uſually garriſoned in the towns with their regiments, do military duty twice a-week, and the remainder ſeek work, which is eaſily obtained in great towns. The ſoldiers are not forbid marrying, as is ſuppoſed abroad, but are pretty generally allowed to form that connection, eſpecially thoſe garriſoned in towns: hence moſt of the ſtrangers become naturalized, and fix themſelves in the country; every regiment has more women and children than men. The garriſon of Berlin, which is twenty-four thouſand ſtrong, has ſo many women and children, that it amounts in all to ſixty thouſand ſouls; and it may certainly be reckoned, that in the Pruſſian army of two hundred thouſand combatants, when their women and children are added, that it will amount to four hundred thouſand ſouls at leaſt.

At Potſdam his Majeſty has a building and eſtabliſhment on purpoſe for the maintenance of five thouſand ſoldiers' children; who, for the moſt part, when eight years of age, are ſent into the country, with an annual allowance of thirteen crowns, among the peaſantry, to be brought up by them. They make the beſt kind of rural labourers, and when grown up become excellent ſoldiers. If we conſider theſe circumſtances without prejudice, we ſhall find that the Pruſſian army, however numerous it may be, is not diſproportioned to the State, and that it rather encourages than diminiſhes its population.

When his Majeſty came to the throne, in 1740, the total population of his States was about two millions two hundred and thirty thouſand ſouls. The new-acquired provinces of Sileſia, Weſtern Pruſſia, and Oſtfriſe, contain two millions of inhabitants; which, with the above deducted from the ſum total of the preſent population of his dominions, amounting to ſix millions, there will remain for the increaſe of the population of his ancient provinces one million ſeven hundred and ſeventy thouſand, which almoſt doubles the former; and adding the new provinces, it nearly triples the population.

His Majeſty diſtributed gratis, in the courſe of laſt year, 1784, for the encouragement of the population, agriculture, and manufacturers of his ſubjects in general, ſums to the amount of two millions two hundred and thirty-ſix thouſand one hundred and fifty-ſix crowns.

His Majeſty diſtributed counties, prizes, and gratifications from 1763 to 1784, in Pomerania, to the amount of - -	4,828,000
From ditto, ditto, in the New Marche -	3,002,000
From ditto, ditto, in the Electorol Marche	2,674,000
From ditto, ditto, in Sileſia - -	6,200,000
And in Weſtern Pruſſia, ſince its acquiſition	3,000,000

Making, when put together, nearly the immenſe ſum of twenty-two millions of crowns diſtributed from 1763 to 1784, for the advantage, relief, and improvement, of his Majeſty's dominions.

Theſe extracts are ſelected from a ſmall diſſertation on population in general,

general, and that of the Pruſſian States in particular, read at a public meeting of the Academy of Sciences and Belles Letters of Berlin, the 27th of January 1785, his Pruſſian Majeſty's (74th) birth-day, by M. de Hertſberg, miniſter of ſtate, and member of that academy.

Picture of a Battle, from the French of M. Mercier.

MAN, who is naturally intitled to the enjoyment of liberty, has been conſtrained to carry a muſket on his ſhoulder, to fix to it a deſtructive bayonet; he has been torn from his cottage, to be dragged to battles which his ſoul deteſts; the huſbandman has quitted his plow, the artiſt his work-ſhop; the young man has deſerted the altar of Hymen, he abandons an infirm father, a miſtreſs, a diſconſolate family; he goes to ſwell the crowd of theſe combatants, whoſe hearts have gradually opened to the baneful impreſſions of licentiouſneſs, ferocity, and violence.

Behold a hundred thouſand men oppoſed to a hundred thouſand of the ſame ſpecies! they advance, and front approaches front in a vaſt plain, which in a few moments will be tinged with blood. What a prodigious number of men, mutually preſſing on one another, and diſplaying their moving phalanxes, range themſelves in regular order, to adminiſter death with art! Blind inſtruments of others vengeance, they wait the ſignal in ſilence: fierce through an imaginary ſenſe of duty, they are on the point of exterminating their fellow-creatures, uninſpired by reſentment or paſſion. They have ſold their blood at a low price, and their chiefs eſtimate it proportionally.

The reſplendent ſun now appears whoſe ſetting thouſands of hapleſs mortals ſhall not behold. Ah! who would expect the horrors of carnage? The earth is decked with flowers, the mild and azure-mantled ſpring perfumes the air, nature ſmiles as a fond mother, the ſun in tranquil majeſty diffuſes his beneficent rays, which gild and mature the gifts of the Creator; all is calm; harmony prevails through univerſal, nature. Wretched mortals alone, actuated by a melancholy phrenſy, harbour fury in their breaſt; they are on the point of maſſacring each other on the tender verdure of the ſpringing mead. The armies approach, the harveſt is deſtroyed, death already flies around; what a dreadful tumult! All nature in a moment groans on account of the fury of man. Do you hear thoſe horrid inſtruments of human vengeance roar! Rivals of thunder, and more terrible than it, they drown with their noiſe the plaintive moans of the dying; they repel the pity which would force its way to the heart; a cloud of duſt and ſmoke riſes towards heaven, as it were to hide from it ſuch a combination of horrors. In a narrow ſpace are united the fury of devils and the torments of hell. The tigers, the bears, the lions, urged by the ſenſation of voracious hunger, have a fierce and infinitely more juſtifiable cruelty. Behold theſe ſtreams of blood which flow: lo, twenty thouſand men are maſſacred to gratify the caprice of a ſingle deſpot! See them falling upon one another,—uncelebrated, unremembered, unregretted, and unknown! Thus the ſudden blaſt of the north deſtroys in a moment myriads of inſects which cover our fields.

Theſe wretched mortals fall, raiſing lamentable cries to an inexorable heaven: trampled under the feet of horſes, trampled under the feet of their countrymen, whoſe compaſſion they implore, and ſhall not excite, they die in a thouſand ways, each more

more deplorable than another. While those who claim the most tender pity, still retaining the remains of life, and consumed by thirst, the most unsufferable of torments, have it not yet in their power to expire: others, forgetting that death surrounds them, impetuously invade their maimed companions, and, unmoved by their wounds, strip with avidity their mangled and still palpitating bodies.

O God! O Creator of the universe! is this Man? What! that beautiful creature whom nature had endued with a tender heart, with a noble front, which smiles towards heaven; who conceives, who nourishes the soft emotions of pity and the generous transports of beneficence; who is capable of admiring virtue and greatness of soul; who can weep? yes, it is *his* hand, which, with an odious and triumphant joy, plants the standard of victory upon heaps of the dead! What a horrid trophy! O my brethren! permit me to deplore your condition, your crimes, your misfortunes. What does your conquest produce? I see nothing but blood and tears. What does your triumph amount to? The spoil acquired by pillage enriches not; the tears of the human race will never be a source of happiness; and that which ambition carries off in her licentious course, soon flies from the hands of the usurper.

Go, barbarous men; go, triumph in the midst of this scene of carnage; fix your eyes on these pale and livid visages, where pain and rage are painted in dismal colours; enjoy your cruel victory, wander over these immense tombs, count the numerous victims which you, like infernal deities, have consigned to death; kindle your bonefires among these lamentable remains; dare in your songs to address the God who commands you to love each other as brothers, the God of armies. What do I see! your bloody hands eager to carry into the mansions where the genius of hospitality watches, those very men half dead, whom a few moments before you trampled under your feet. Now you are lavish of your tenderest cares—you bedew their wounds with your tears—a ray of humanity gleams on these bloody plains. Are these the same men? What then are you? wicked men, or fools?

On the Religion of the Druids; by Mr LEDWICH.

ON no subject has fancy roamed with more licentious indulgence than on that of the Druids and their institutions. Though sunk in the grossest ignorance and barbarism, their admirers have found them in the dark recesses of forests, secluded from mankind and almost from day, cultivating the abstrusest sciences, and penetrating the sublimest mysteries of nature; anticipating the discoveries of Pythagoras, Epicurus, Archimedes, and Newton: and all this without the aid of letters or of experiments; without those progressive steps in civilisation which polish and refine the mind, and naturally lead it to the study of abstracted knowledge.

The foundation whereon these towering superstructures have been reared, is no more than a few imperfect and incidental notices in Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Mela, Lucan, Tacitus, and Pliny. "These have written in so loose and trifling a manner, that all their fragments put together would hardly amount to three or four pages; and these reduced to their just value would lose one half of their bulk: whether it be, that these authors have but just copied one another, or only designed to say the same thing."

Cæ-

Cæſar is the earlieſt writer who mentions the Druids; but whether he was not ignorant of the ſubject, and wrote more like a *traveller* than a philoſopher, may juſtly be made a queſtion. The religion of the Druids, as exhibited by *him*, is ſo remarkably ſimilar to that of the Romans, that it ſeems probable he has ſubſtituted the Roman in the place of the Druidic tenets. This opinion receives countenance from the omiſſion of ſome well authenticated and diſtinguiſhing practices, as their ſlaying and eating human victims, and their magical performances.

Paſſing over Diodorus Siculus and the others mentioned above, who do little more than copy Cæſar, and record nothing remarkable of the Druids, I ſhall proceed to what Pliny has delivered concerning them.

The Druids (ſays he) who are the Gauliſh Magi, hold nothing ſo ſacred as the miſeltoe, and the tree on which it grows, if it be an oak. They ſelect groves of this wood for religious purpoſes; nor do they perform any ſacred office without garlands of its leaves, from whence they derive their name of *Druids*. The miſeltoe (very ſcarce) when found is collected with great ceremony. This is done on the ſixth day of the moon: a day ſo much eſteemed by them, that they have made their months, years, and ages (which conſiſt but of 30 years), to take their beginning from it; the moon at that time being ſtrong enough, though not arrived at half her fulneſs. This day they call *All Heal*.

Having prepared their feaſts and ſacrifices under the oak, two white bulls are tied to it. A prieſt clad in white aſcends the tree, and cuts off the miſeltoe; it is received below in a white garment. They then ſacrifice their victims. The miſeltoe exhibited as a potion is believed to remove ſterility, and to be a preſervative againſt poiſon: an eminent inſtance, (concludes he,) that human religion has often no other object than frivolous things. To this Bruker adds, that we may eaſily appreciate the value of that philoſophy which endeavoured to derive credit to its profeſſors from the wearing of golden chains, and conducting itſelf with arrogance and pride.

In other places, Pliny relates their magic rites in gathering the ſamolus and ſelago; their ſtories and charlatannerie about the ſerpent's egg, and their ſacrificing and eating men.

Pliny calls the Druids the Gauliſh Magi; in the Celtic they are named *Dryi* and *Drythe*, ſignifying perſons converſant in diabolical arts. A cloſer knowledge having betrayed to the Romans their real character and ritual, they are no longer honoured by them with the pompous titles of philoſophers and divines, but that of magicians or conjurors. In what a contemptible light Pliny held the powers of magic and the ſuppoſed virtues of herbs, may be ſeen by conſulting the places cited in the notes*; where we may find ſome very trifling and ſome laughable preſcriptions of thoſe ancient doctors.

As to their inhuman ſacrifices, Pliny, after recounting them, adds, it cannot be eſtimated what thanks are due to the Romans for removing ſuch monſters from ſociety. That the Druids offered men in ſacrifice, is not denied; but that they ate them, is not ſo readily aſſented to: and yet that the barbarians of northern Eu-

rope

* Super omnia adjuvere eum magicæ vanitates (he is ſpeaking of Aſclepiades) in tantum evectæ, ut abrogare herbis fidem cunctis poſſunt. Plin. lib. 26. cap. 4. The whole chapter well deſerves peruſal. See alſo lib. 28. cap. 16. lib. 37. cap. 10. lib. 30. cap. 1. Magicas vanitates ſæpius equidem antecedentis operis parte, ubicunque cauſæ locuſque poſcebant, coarguimus detegimuſque. And Bruker: Druides, qui tamen medicinam magicam magis quam phyſicam excoluiſſe videntur.—Et hoc quoque nomine Druides e philoſophorum albo delentur, anicularum et medicaſtrorum choris inferendi, pag. 341, 342.

rope indulged in ſuch repaſts admits of the ſtrongeſt evidence. Diodorus Siculus relates, that the Britons who inhabited Iris, devoured human fleſh. The Gauls, conducted by Brennus into Greece, did the ſame. St Jerome, in the fifth century, writes thus: "In my youth I ſaw in Gaul the Scots, a Britiſh people, feeding upon human bodies." The Scots here, and the Britons of Iris before, were probably the ſame people, and as likely to be natives of Ireland as Britain. The delicacy of modern times is ſhocked at this narration, and endeavours to elude its force by obſerving, that no ſuch cuſtom is found in Cæſar or Tacitus: that Jerome acknowledges he was young when he ſaw this ſpectacle, and he might be impoſed on. But ſurely nothing can exceed the weakneſs of ſuch evaſions. Jerome was writing on a very ſerious ſubject; he was of mature age, and his credit and veracity at ſtake. It was not eaſy to eraſe from the memory the recollection of theſe men-eaters. The fact is not retailed from hearſay, or vague report: *ipſe adoleſcentulus viderim*: can any mode of expreſſion, or form of language, be leſs equivocal?

On the authority of ſome painted glaſs in the cloyſter of Whitby abbey, it is aſſerted, that the Scots were anthropophagi until the reign of William the Conqueror*. And ſo late as 1297, we read of their flaying a man and dividing his ſkin into ſmall portions; not by way of reliques, but to inſult the deceaſed †. In a word, the barbarians of Europe ‡, of North America, and the new-diſcovered iſlands ||, delight in human blood: their principal religious rites are ſtained with it. Infinitely more refined, ſpiritual, and mild, is the ritual of the uncivilized Siberians; and yet the Ruſſian academicians do not break out into rapturous exclamations on the ſublimity of their theology, or the extent of their knowledge: in the ſtyle of Pliny's remark on the Druids, they add §, "Ils ſont de la plus groſſiere ignorance, et dans la plus grande miſere: leur etat preuve evidemment, que notre bonheur eſt proportionée a nos lumieres."

If any traces of an enlightened and poliſhed people can be found in, or are fairly deducible from, ſuch a religion, the diſcoverer without envy or rivalry may enjoy the reward of his ſagacity. Every liberal and cultivated mind will join with Lucretius;

> Nam nihil egregius quam res ſecernere apertas
> A dubiis, animus quas ab ſe protinus addit.

As a corollary fairly deducible from what is advanced, we may lay it down as certain, that mankind, in the various ſtages from rudeneſs to civility, will be found to have the ſame religious ſentiments, the ſame occupations, and the ſame cuſtoms and manners. The frame of our mental and corporeal faculties will admit of no deviation from this identity. If the annals of the world record an exception, let it be produced: I am bold to ſay, it has eſcaped ſome attentive obſervers of the hiſtory of the human ſpecies.

To behold an order of men, poſſeſſed of every ſcience and accompliſhment, as the Druids are ſaid to have

* Pictura vitrea, quæ eſt in Clauſtro de Streneſhale, monſtrat Scotos, qui prope fines Anglorum habitabant fuiſſe, vel ad Gulielmi nothi tempora, anthropophagos, et hanc immanitatem a Gulielmi gladio fuiſſe punitam. Monaſt. Anglic. p. 72.

† Quem excoriantes, Scoti diviſerunt inter ſe pellem ipſius in modicas partes; non quidem ad reliquias, ſed in contumelias. W. Hemingford, Vol. I. p. 130.

‡ Aventinus deſcribes the ſacrifices of the Abrunæ in almoſt the words of Diodorus Siculus, Ann. Boior. p. 20.

|| Hawkeſworth's, Forſter's, and Cook's Voyages.

§ Voyage en Siberie, par Gmelin.

have been, while their compatriots were sunk into the grossest ignorance, is such a phenomenon as never was seen: it is miraculous. At the same time I am free to confess, that there seems to have been a very remote period, of which we have scarce a glimpse, when knowledge had attained to its present perfection; and this the learned M. Dutens has made more than probable in his "Recherches sur l'origine des decouvertes attribuées aux modernes;" wherein he has clearly demonstrated, that our discoveries in the natural and moral world are not novel, but the same as those delivered by antiquity; and that where the parallel fails, it is to be ascribed to the want of literary memorials, now buried amid the ruins of time.

However, I refer to an epoch antecedent to the flourishing state of knowledge in Greece. I would seek for it in Egypt, Media, and particularly in Chaldea: I would say with Galen, that no man or age is sufficient to perfect any art or science; and that when we behold them advanced to such astonishing maturity in those ancient empires, they must have been long before known and cultivated.

That learning visited the parching sands of Africa and the chilling regions of the north, that it illuminated every climate from the rising to the setting sun, is no new discovery *. Besides the labours of erudition, modern travellers give proofs of this enough to convince the most incredulous. Captain Carver observed, near the shores of the Mississippi, an intrenchment: its front to the country; its rear covered by the river, with a ditch and angles. "How (says he) a work of this kind could exist in a country, that has hitherto (*according to the general received opinion*) been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breastwork even at present is the thicket, I know not. Perhaps the hints I have here given may suggest to us very *different ideas of the ancient state of realms*, that we now believe to have been from the earliest periods only the habitations of savages."

Captain Cook and Mr Forster acquaint us, that in Easter island, in the southern ocean, are a great number of statues of an amazing size, being above 27 feet long and 9 feet in diameter. Some are larger, projecting a shade sufficient to shelter 30 persons from the heat of the sun. On the heads of these gigantic figures were round cylindrical caps of stone five feet high and the same in diameter, of a reddish colour; the whole resembling the head-dress of the Egyptian divinities. These statues are placed on platforms of masonry 30 and 40 feet long, and from 12 to 16 feet high. This masonry, which, the better to preserve it, declines inward from perpendicular, is faced with very large hewn stones, without cement; the whole as well executed as any piece of plain work in Europe. The writers before-named are at a loss to account for those astonishing and stupendous productions when they consider the ability of the present inhabitants. These islanders do not now exceed 700; they have no machinery or any working tools but those made of stone, bone, or shells: they are sunk in the most deplorable poverty, ignorance, and wretchedness. Yet these immense remains demonstrate, that there was a period when they were not only acquainted with the arts and sciences but were no mean proficients therein. This period must be very remote,

* Diod. Sic. lib. 5. Plin. lib. 7. cap. 56. Voss. de Philosoph. sect. cap. 1, 2, 3.

mote, as the decaying platforms, secured by the incumbent weight of such heavy statues, evince.

Equally beyond the reach of history or ingenuity is it to account for the time when the Calmuc Tartars were so enlightened as to make molten images of gold, silver, and brass; to form hilts of swords, and ornaments for saddles and bridles; yet these, and precious stones mixed with the ashes of the dead, are taken from their tombs scattered over their desarts.

I lately did myself the honour of presenting to the Musæum of the Antiquaries of Scotland ten specimens in brass of the original military weapons of the ancient Irish. Some of them are of the shape of those instruments called *celts*, and the same as the Mexican hatchet exhibited in Ulloa's voyage. Perhaps this learned Society, second to none in Europe, may hereafter think proper to publish drawings of these and many other curiosities in their possession: they would be a valuable present to the lovers of antiquity, particularly if illustrated and enriched from that fund of erudition which they so eminently possess. I shall only beg leave to add, that these weapons are really so inoffensive and puerile, that they must belong to an age wherein the art of war was in its infancy; nevertheless the composition of the metal and the excellence of the cast indicate considerable progress in metallurgy. They are older than our acquaintance with the Romans or any other civilised people.

I shall mention but one instance more of learning flourishing in a country, and at a time of which there are no collateral proofs or surviving memorials. These were the Turduli or Turditani, a people of Spain, who, as Strabo informs us, had grammatical, historical, and law, writings above 6000 years old. This is a mere fiction, says Bochart; because when Strabo writ, the world was not more than 4000 years old from the creation, and from the deluge but 2400.

We may therefore fairly conclude, 1. That the Druids possessed no *internal* or *external* doctrine; either veiled by symbols, or clouded in ænigmas, or any religious tenets but the charlatanerie of barbarian priests, and the grossest gentile superstition.

2. That the arts and sciences have flourished among people now savages, in places now desarts, and in times beyond the reach of history or chronology: that there is an established circuitous vicissitude in human affairs, and that the annus platonicus is not quite ideal!

Archeologia, v. 7.

Concerning the Discovery of America by Columbus. Translated from the French of M. Mallet *du Pan.*

FROM whence *Christopher Columbus* derived his idea of the probable existence of a western world, is a question that has been only slightly noticed by historians. The greatest part of them pretend that such an idea was suggested to him from an attentive consideration of a common map of the world. The celebrated *Robertson* has adopted this sentiment; and Abbé *Raynal* has carried it to a ridiculous length, by ascribing the project of Columbus to the mere force of instinct. Both these opinions, however, as they are gratuitously taken up, must lose somewhat of their credit when we attend to the following circumstances—to the place where Columbus was born, to the scene of his studies, and the epoch of his enterprise. Two very well authenticated facts, entirely passed

ed over by the abovementioned historians, throw abundant light on the true source of the maritime conceptions of that great navigator.

The expeditions of the Portuguese have so much engaged the attention of historians, that little or no notice has been taken of the commerce, the nautical knowledge, and the navigations of the Italians in the 14th and 15th centuries. When we reflect, that a revolution, which entirely changed the face of the affairs of Europe, was brought about by Cabot, Columbus, Vespusius, and Verazzani, four mariners belonging to a nation that is now totally forgot in the empire of the seas! what power can flatter itself with being sheltered from the vicissitudes of fortune!

In the 15th century, *Genoa*, *Pisa*, and *Venice* formed the centre of the productions of commerce in Europe. The Venetians, especially, possessing the greatest fleets and the greatest share of foreign trade, were likewise the best provided with marine plans and charts. They were perfectly acquainted with the enterprises of the Portuguese; and Lewis Cadamosto, a Venetian, in the service of Portugal, was the person who had discovered the greatest part of the southern coast of Africa.

Sebastian Cabot, another Venetian, and equally expert with Columbus, was, while a refugee in Spain, the first who encouraged the enterprises of Mendozco in exploring the western ocean. In the relation transmitted to us by Ramusio of the unsuccessful attempts of this viceroy, we can perceive, that Cabot had suspected, and indeed almost affirmed, the existence of a communication between the Atlantic and the western seas. It was he who first inspired the court of Spain with the idea of transporting by this rout the spiceries of the Philippines to Mexico, and from thence to Europe, in order to shorten the passage of 1760 long leagues, and spare themselves a multitude of dangers; an idea, however, that was but imperfectly adopted in the establishment of a galleon at Acapulco. The views of Cabot, as well as his great discoveries, attest sufficiently the blaze of nautical knowledge that enlightened the country where he had learned his trade.

But there exists even to this day a remarkable monument of the great progress the Italians had then made in the sciences of geography and navigation. In 1439, the Senate of Venice gave orders to *Friar Maure*, to design, according to memoirs furnished him by the admiralty, that celebrated planisphere of four feet eight inches in diameter, which is still to be seen in the library of St Michel de *Muran*, near Venice. Upon this planisphere we find distinctly laid down the whole western coast of Africa; the Cape doubled, the land of Zanguibar (called *Zinzibar*), and the island of Madagascar. It likewise contains the northern part of the coasts of Tartary and Siberia as far as Japan.

The value of this singular work is enhanced by a number of remarks interesting to geography, navigation, and natural philosophy. In one of them we read, that the Cape of Good Hope, then known by the name of the Cape of *Diob*, had been discovered in 1420, by a ship from India. The author speaks elsewhere of the flux and reflux of the tide, and ascribes them to the pressure and gravitation of the moon. In another place he affirms, that the *conques* or Indian vessels, sail without a *compass, although they make use of an astrolabe*; an observation that tends to destroy the general opinion that the Italians derived the use of the compass from the Indians and Chinese.

In 1459, Alphonzo IV. king of Portugal, requested a copy of this planisphere. The senate deliberated upon it; and at last permitted the

monastery to grant a copy; which being finished in 1464, the price of it was paid down in the name of Alphonzo: all which circumstances are vouched by the books of accounts just now existing in the monastery of St Michel de Muran.

This copy is still preserved in Portugal in the convent of Alcobaza; from it were drawn the charts delivered to Vasco de Gama; and the whole of the Portuguese expeditions for the purpose of discovering a passage to India, by doubling the coast of Africa, had this planisphere for their foundation and guide. In the voyage of Alvarez, published by Ramusio, we read that Don Emanuel, in the year 1487, caused to be given to Peter Covigliano and Alphonzo de Payva, upon their sailing to make discoveries in Africa, charts extracted from an *Italian map* of the world; and this map was no other than the planisphere of *Maure*.

What is very strange, and marks strongly the inadvertence of travellers in general, is, that of all those who have related their travels in Italy, and who have taken notice of so many things either entirely useless or already well known, not one, excepting M. de la Lande, has made the smallest mention of so extraordinary a curiosity.

But this is not the only circumstance that proves the progress of navigation among the Italians to have been antecedent to the discoveries of the Portuguese and Spaniards. There is preserved in the library of Parma a geographical chart with the date of 1436; in which we find laid down a great land or island to the west of the Canaries, precisely in the latitude of St Domingo. And the Count Carli, a learned Italian, formerly president of the council of finances at Milan, and whose immense erudition has thrown light on a great number of facts relating to history and antiquities, reports, in his American Letters, that he had seen a chart perfectly similar in the hands of the Procurator Foscarini.

There are yet other maps of the 14th and 15th centuries where the remote isles of the ocean towards America are traced. The library of Geneva contains four marine charts in folio vellum, pasted upon wooden tablets. Above the Fortunate Isles the author has written these words: *In hac regione sunt plagæ arenosæ et valde magnæ*, &c. &c. These maps, as indicated by a note of the same author, were drawn in 1476 by Andrew Benincasa of Ancona; consequently they are anterior by 16 years to the discoveries of Columbus.

It would be rash to conclude from these different documents, that in composing them the authors had already a certain knowledge of these isles, or of that western world reserved for the researches of Columbus. Perhaps the ancient traditions concerning Atalantis and the Hesperides, rather than facts, might direct these geographers to anticipate discoveries. The conclusion, however, is equally the same that there then prevailed in Italy an universal opinion of the existence of another continent; and that, independent of the reveries and discoveries of antiquity, purely conjectural, this opinion rested on reasonings the fruits of an experience founded upon extensive practice in navigation; and perhaps upon certain facts, the evidences of which have not come down to us. When we see such monuments among a maritime people, rich in bold navigators, and famous at that time for their enterprises; when we moreover consider this almost instantaneous effulgence, where courage joined to science enlarged on all sides the limits of the known world, we cannot doubt but that this grand epoch was preceded by a remarkable accumulation of knowledge. Instinct, genius, or fortune, might create one such voy-

ager

ager as Columbus; but the enlightened ſtate of the times could alone produce ten of them at the ſame inſtant.

It was by tracing the footſteps of his compatriots that Columbus purſued the path of diſcovery and immortality. The deſtiny which awaited him was favoured by a moſt extenſive epucation. He had been taught every thing then known, in aſtronomy, geometry, coſmography, and deſign. He ſtudied at the univerſity of Padua, a Venetian city, where the ſciences relative to navigation were taught as the foundation of the power and proſperity of the republic. There Columbus muſt have imbibed notions the moſt extenſive; there the ſtate of diſcoveries already made, or diſcoveries meditated, would be diſcloſed to his growing ardour; there he became acquainted with the marine charts, of which he was ſoon to verify the prognoſtics.

The firſt of his voyages was in the Mediterranean in the year 1467. Italy and the age in which he lived have a right to ſhare his glory, as having produced him. Upon a review of the celebrated navigators his compatriots, one may ſay of it, *Magna virum mater*. Columbus traced the rout, and found the country, as one gets out of a foreſt by the aſſiſtance of clearances made by the hands of men.

To theſe anterior lights of the Venetians may be objected their indifference in profiting by them. It may be aſked, Why did this republic neglect to intereſt herſelf in the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe? Why did ſhe not purſue that rout to India, of which ſhe already held the thread, and which at laſt proved the tomb of her commerce?

It is eaſy to point out the cauſes of this ſuppoſed inactivity. Prudence perhaps at firſt reſtrained the republic from marking with her footſteps a rout to the Indies, which other nations would be ſure to follow. Such a conduct would have been throwing away the commerce of the eaſt with her own hand: as ſoon as the cape was doubled, it was no longer to be expected that a people ſhut up in the Adriatic gulph was to command the commerce of the Eaſt. How could the Venetians have defended and preſerved their conqueſts in the Indies without a ſingle port on the ocean; and while obliged, in ſome meaſure, to demand a paſſage from the maſters of the ſtraits of Gibraltar?

The ſuceeſs of their expeditions, by exciting the jealouſy of other powers, had already prepared the way for the league of Cambray, which was formed in the year 1508. The whole maritime force of the ſtate was at laſt employed in the wars againſt Bajazet. The Sultan of Egypt had alſo engaged at the ſame time to free them from the duties on their commerce to India; an immenſe advantage, and which contributed greatly to diſcourage the dangerous navigation of the Cape, where, in the ſpace of 13 years, out of 114 ſhips ſent out to India, no leſs than 59 had periſhed.

Mercure de France.

A Set of Reſolutions.

TO live and to die in the public profeſſion of the religion in which one was born and bred. To avoid all prophane talk and intricate debates on ſacred topics. To endeavour to get the better of the intruſions of indolence of mind and body, thoſe certain harbingers of enfeebling age. Rather to wear out, than to ruſt out. To riſe early, and as

as often as possible to go to bed before midnight. Not to nod in company, nor to indulge repose too frequently on the couch in the day. To waste as little of life in sleep as may be, for we shall have enough in the grave. Not to give up walking; nor to ride on horseback to fatigue. To continue the practice of reading, pursued for more than 50 years, in books on all subjects; for variety is the salt of the mind as well as of life. Other peoples thoughts, like the best conversation of one's companions, are generally better and more agreeable than one's own. Frequently to think over the virtues of one's acquaintance, old and new. To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination. To avoid retrospection on a past friendship, which had much of love in it; for memory often comes when he is not invited. To try to think more of the living and less of the dead; for the dead belong to a world of their own. To live within one's income, be it large or little. Not to let passion of any sort run away with the understanding. Not to encourage romantic hopes nor fears. Not to drive away hope, the sovereign balm of life, though he is the greatest of all flatterers. Not to be under the dominion of superstition or enthusiasm. Not wilfully to undertake any thing which the nerves of the mind or the body are not strong enough for. Not to run the race of competition, or to be in another's way. To avoid being jostled too much in the street, and not be carried even by curiosity itself into a large crowd. To strive to embody that dignified sentiment, "to write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble." Not to give the reins to constitutional impatience; for it is apt to hurry on the first expressions into the indecency of swearing. To recollect, that he who can keep his own temper may be master of another's. If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing, on every trying occasion, yet it may not be impossible to pull the check-string against the moroseness of spleen or the impetuosity of peevishness. Anger is a short madness. Not to fall in love, now on the precipice of threescore; nor to expect to be fallen in love with. A connection between summer and winter is an improper one. Love, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. Love is death, when the animal spirits are gone. To contrive to have as few vacant hours upon one's hands as possible, that idleness, the mother of crimes and vices, may not pay its visit. To be always doing of something, and to have something to do. To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal to fill up; for time is the materials that life is made of. If one is not able by situation, or through the necessity of raising the supplies within the year, or by habit (for virtue itself is but habit) to do much ostentatious good, yet do as little harm as possible. To make the best and the most of every thing. Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the Spectator, seem to be hovering over the dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, and the second in rank among the senses, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold of every help, when the spirits begin to droop. Love and wine are good cordials, but are not proper for the beverage of common use. Resolve not to go to bed on a full meal. A light supper and a good conscience are the best receipts for a good night's rest, and the parent of undisturbing dreams. Not to be enfeebled by the flatulency of tea. Let the second or third morning's thought be to consider

der of the employment for the day; and one of the last at night to inquire what has been done in the course of it. Not to let one's tongue run at the expence of truth. Not to be too communicative nor unreserved: A close tongue, with an open countenance, are the safest passports thro' the journey of the world. To correct the error of too much talking, and restrain the narrativeness of the approaching climacteric. To take the good-natured side in conversation. However, not to praise every body, for that is to praise nobody. Not to be so inquisitive and eager to know secrets, nor be thought to have a head full of other peoples affairs. Not to make an enemy, nor to lose a friend. To aim at the esteem of the public, and to leave a good name behind. Not to be singular in dress, in behaviour, in notions, nor expressions of one's thoughts. Never to give bad advice, and to strive not to set a bad example. Seldom to give advice till asked; for it appears like giving something that is superfluous to one's self. To be affectionate to relations, which is a kind of self-love, in preference to all other acquaintance. But not to omit paying the commanding respect to merit, which is superior to all the accidental chains of kindred. Not to debilitate the mind by new and future compositions. Like the spider, it may spin itself to death. The leisure of the pen has created honourable acquaintance, and pleased all it has wished to please. To resolve not to be too free of promises, for performances are sometimes very difficult things. Not to be too much alone; nor to read nor meditate or talk too much on points that may awaken tender sensations, and be too pathetic for the soul. To enjoy the present, not to be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom on the future. To give and receive comfort, those necessary alms to a distressed mind. To be constantly thankful to Providence for the plenty hitherto possessed, which has preserved one from the dependence on party, persons, and opinions, and kept one out of debt. The appearance of a happy situation, and opportunities of tasting many worldly felicities (for content has seldom perverted itself into discontent), has induced many to conclude, that one must be pleased with one's lot in life; and it occasions many to look with the eye of innocent envy. To resolve more than ever, to shun every public station and responsibility of conduct. To be satisfied with being master of one's self, one's habits, now a second nature, and one's time. Determined not to solicit, unless trampled upon by fortune; to live and die in the harness of trade or a profession. To take care that pity, humanity is not here meant, does not find one out in the endurance of any calamity. When pity is within call, contempt is not far off. Not to wish to have a greater hold of life, nor to quit that hold. The possible tenure of existence is of too short possession for the long night that is to succeed; therefore not a moment to be lost. Not to lose sight, even for a single day, of these good and proverbial doctors—diet—merryman—and quiet. Lastly, not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements, those great enemies to the human frame; namely—the sun—the wind—the rain—and the night air.

MEMORY.

LITE-

Thoughts on Ode-writing, by T. Warton.

ΩΔΗ, Μολπη, Carmen, Cantus, Cantilena, Chanson, Canzone, all signify what Anglicè we denominate ODE—Among the Greeks, *Pindar;* among the Latins, *Horace;* with the Italians, *Petrarch;* with the French, *Boileau;* are the principes hujusce scientiæ—Tom Killigrew took the lead in English lyrics; and indeed, till our own *Mason*, was nearly unrivalled—*Josephus Miller* too hath penned something of the odaic, *inter* his *Opera Minora*. My grandfather had a MS. ode on a gillyflower, the which, as our family had it, was an *esquisse* of Gammer Gurton's; and I myself have seen various cantilenes of *Stephen Duck's* of a pure relish—Of Shadwell, time hath little impaired the fame—Colley's bays rust cankereth not—Dr Casaubon measures the strophe by Anapæsts—In the Polyglott, the epitrotus primus is the metrimensura.—I venture to recommend, "Waly, waly, up the bank," as no bad model of the pure trochaics—There is also a little simple strain, commencing "Saw ye my father, saw ye my mother;" which, to my fancy, gives an excellent ratio of hendecassyllables.—Dr Warton indeed prefers the Adonic, as incomparably the neatest, ay, and the newest μολπης μελσρον—A notion too has prevailed, that the Black Jock, as Μελαμφυλλαι Δαφιαν, is not the "cosa detta in prosa mai, ne in rima;" whereas the *Deva Cestrensis*, or Chevy Chase, according to Dr Joseph Warton, is the exemplar of,

Trip and go
Heave and hoe,
Up and down,
To and fro.

Vide Nashe's Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600.

I observe, that Ravishment is a favourite word with Milton, Paradise Lost, b. v. 46. Again, b. ix. 541. Again, com. v. 245.—Spenser has it also in Astrophel, st. 7.—Wherefore I earnestly recommend early rising to all minor poets, as far better than sleeping to concoct surfeits. Vid. Apology for Smectymnuus.—For the listening, to throstles or thrushes, awaking the *lustless* sun, is an unreproved or innocent pastime: As also are *cranks*, by which I understand cross purposes. Vid. my Milton, 41.—"*Filling a wife with a daughter fair*," is not an unclassical notion (Vid. my Milton, 39.) if, according to Sir Richard Brathwaite, "She had a dimpled chin, made for love to lodge within," (vid. my Milton, 41.) "While the *cock*," vid. the same, 44.—Indeed, "My mother said I could be no *lad* till I was twentye," is a passage I notice in my Milton with a view to this; which see; and therein also of a shepherdess, "*taking the tale*."——'Twere well likewise if bards learned the rebeck, or rebible, being a species of fiddle; for it solaceth the fatigued spirit much; though, to say the truth, we have it, 'tis present death for fiddlers to tune their rebecks or rebibles before the great Turk's grace. However, *Middleton's Game of Chess* is good for a poet to peruse, having quaint phrases fitting *to be married to immortal verse*. Joshua Poole, of Clare-hall, I also recommend as an apt guide for an alumnus of the muse.—Joshua edited a choice Parnassus 1657, in the which I find many "delicious, mellow hangings" of poesy—He is undoubtedly a "sonorous dactylist"—and to him I add Mr Jenner, Proctor of the Commons, and Commissary of St Paul's, who is a gentleman of indefatigable politeness, in opening the archives of

of a chapter-house, for the delectation of a sound critic. *Totell's Songs and Sonnets of uncertain auctoures* is likewise a *butful*, or plenteous work. I conclude with assuring the public, that my brother remembers to have heard my father tell his (*i. e.* my brother's) first wife's second cousin, that he once at Magdalene College, Oxford, had it explained to him, that the famous passage, "His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," has no sort of reference to verbal criticism and quotations.

Testimony of Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY'S *good Parts for Poetry.*

By Miss HANNAH MORE.

SIR JOSEPH, with the gentlest sympathy, begged me to contrive that he should meet *Lactilla*, in her morning walk, towards the Hot-Wells. I took the proper measures for this *tête-à-tête* between my two *naturals*, as I call this uneducated couple.—It succeeded beyond my utmost hopes.—For the first ten minutes they exchanged a world of simple observations on the different species of the brute creation, to which each had most obligations.—Lactilla praised her cows—Sir Joseph his hogs.—An artless eclogue, my dear Madam, but warm from the heart.—At last the muse took her turn on the *tapis* of simple dialogue.—In an instant both kindled into all the fervors, the delightful fervors, that are better imagined than described——Suffice it to relate the sequel.—*Lactilla* pocketed a generous half-crown, and Sir Joseph was enchanted! Heavens! what would this amiable Baronet have been with the education of a curate?

Miss Hannah More's Letter to the Dutchess of Chandos.

Testimony in favour of Sir CECIL WRAY, *Baronet.*

By Mrs GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

I WAS sitting one evening, (as indeed I was wont to do, when out of cash,) astride the ballustrade of Westminster-bridge, with my favourite little dog under my arm. I had that day parted with my diamond wind-will.—Life was never very dear to me—but a thousand thoughts then rushed into my heart, to jump this world, and spring into eternity.—I determined that my faithful Pompey should bear me company.—I pressed him close, and actually stretched out, fully resolved to plunge into the stream; when luckily (ought I to call it so?) that charming fellow, (for such he then was) *Sir Cecil Wray*, catching hold of *Pompey*'s tail, pulled him back, and with him pulled back me.—In a moment I found myself in a clean hackney-coach, drawn by gray horses, with a remarkable civil coachman, fainting in my Cecil's arms; and though I then lost a little diamond pin, yet (contrary to what I hear has been asserted) I NEVER prosecuted that gallant Baronet; who, in less than a fortnight after, with his usual wit and genius, dispatched me the following extempore poem:

While you prepar'd, dear Anne, on Styx to sail—
Lo! one dog sav'd you by another's tail.

To which, in little more than a month, I penned, and sent the following reply;

You pinch,d my dog, 'tis true, and check'd my sail—
But then my pin—ah, there you squeez'd my tail.

Ninth volume of Mrs George Anne Bellamy's Apology, now preparing for the press.

PROCLAMATION.

Chamberlain's-Office, May 30. 1785.

To all CHRISTIAN PEOPLE to whom these presents shall come, greeting.

KNOW YE, That by and with the advice, consent, concurrence, and approbation of our right trusty and well-beloved cousins, James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and Antonio Francisco Ignicio Delpini, Eq. Aur. and Pierot to the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, WE, for divers good causes and considerations us thereunto especially moving, have made, ordained, nominated, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do make, ordain, nominate, constitute, and appoint the Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. to be our true and only legal Laureate Poet and Poetaster; that is to say, to pen, write, compose, transpose, select, dictate, compile, indite, invent, design, steal, put together, transcribe, frame, fabricate, manufacture, make, join, build, scrape, grub, collect, vamp, find, discover, catch, smuggle, pick up, beg, borrow, or buy, in the same manner and with the same privileges as have been usually practised and heretofore enjoyed by every other Laureate, whether by our Sacred Self appointed, or by our Royal predecessors, who now dwell with their fathers: And for this purpose, to produce, deliver, chaunt, or sing, as in our wisdom aforesaid we shall judge proper, at the least three good and substantial Odes, in the best English or German verse, in every year; that is to say, one due and proper Ode on the nativity of our blessed Self; one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our dearest and best beloved Royal Consort, for the time being; and also one due and proper Ode on the day of the Nativity of every future Year, of which God grant We may see many.——And we do hereby most strictly command and enjoin, that no Scholar, Critic, Wit, Orthographer, or Scribbler, shall, by gibes, sneers, jests, judgments, quibbles, or criticisms, molest, interrupt, incommode, disturb, or confound, the said Thomas Warton, or break the peace of his orderly, quiet, pains-taking, and inoffensive Muse, in the said exercise of his said duty.—And We do hereby will and direct, that if any of the person or persons aforesaid, notwithstanding our said absolute and positive command, shall be found offending against this our Royal Proclamation, that he, she, or they, being duly convicted, shall, for every such crime and misdemeanor, be punished in the manner and form following, to wit,——For the first offence he shall be drawn on a sledge to the most conspicuous and notorious part of our ever faithful city of London, and shall then and there, with an audible voice, pronounce, read, and deliver three several printed speeches of our right trusty and approved MAJOR JOHN SCOTT.—For the second offence, that he be required to translate into good and lawful English one whole unspoken speech of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor Lord Vis. MOUNTMORRES, of the kingdom of *Ireland*;—and for the third offence, that he be condemned to read one whole page of the Poems, Essays, or Criticisms of our said Laureate Mr Thomas Warton.—And whereas, the said office of Laureate is a place of the last importance, inasmuch as the person holding it has confided to him the care of making the Royal virtues known to the world; and we being minded and desirous that the said T. Warton should execute and perform the duties of his said office with the utmost dignity and decorum; Now KNOW YE, That we have thonght it meet to draw up a due and proper Table of Instructions, hereunto annexed,

nexed, for the use of the said Thomas Warton, in his said poetical exercise and employment, which we do hereby most strictly will and enjoin the said Thomas Warton to abide by and follow, under pain of incurring our most high displeasure.

Given at our Court at St James's, this day of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five.

Vivant Rex & Regina.

TABLE *of* INSTRUCTIONS *for the Rev.* THOMAS WARTON, *B. D. and P. L.* &c. &c. &c.

Chamberlain's-Office, May 30. 1785.

1st, THAT in fabricating the catalogue of Regal Virtues (in which task the Poet may much assist his invention by perusing the Odes of his several predecessors) you be particularly careful not to omit his Chastity, his Skill in Mechanics, and his Royal Talent of Child-getting.——

2dly, It is expected that you should be very liberally endowed with the gift of prophecy; but be very careful not to predict any event but what may be perfectly acceptable to your Sovereign, such as the subjugation of America, the destruction of the Whigs, long-life, &c. &c.

3dly, That you be always provided with a due assortment of true, good-looking, and legitimate words, and that you do take all necessary care not to apply them but on their proper occasions; as for example, not to talk of dove-eyed peace, nor the gentle olive, in time of war; nor of trumpets, drums, fifes, nor ECHOING CARS * in time of peace—as for the sake of poetical conveniency several of your predecessors have been known to do.

4thly, That as the Sovereign for the time being must always be the best, the greatest, and the wisest, that ever existed, so the year also for the time being must also be the happiest, the mildest, the fairest, and the most prolific that ever occurred.——What reflections upon the year past you think proper.

5thly, That Music being a much higher and diviner science than Poetry, your Ode must always be adapted to the Music, and not the Music to your Ode.—The omission of a line or two cannot be supposed to make any material difference either in the poetry or in the sense.

6thly, That as these sort of invitations have of late years been considered by the Muses as mere cards of compliment, and of course have been but rarely accepted, you must not waste more than twenty lines in invoking the Nine, nor repeat the word Hail more than fifteen times at farthest.

7thly, and finally, That it may not be amiss to be a little intelligible †.

Curious Account of One of the famous Spanish Armada Fleet coming into the Frith of Forth.

SIR,

HAVING often heard it alledged, that at the time the famous Spanish Armada was dispersed, one of the vessels came into the frith of Forth, and there found shelter from the storms that had almost totally swallowed this prodigious armament,

* It is evident from this expression, that these instructions had not been delivered to Mr Warton at the time of his writing his last famous Ode on the Birth-day of his Majesty; a circumstance which makes that amazing Composer still more extraordinary.

† This is an additional proof that Mr Warton had not received the Instructions at the time he composed his said Ode.

I made several inquiries at many people who I thought were best acquainted with the tradition of this transaction; but it was without effect, till lately, when meeting with a manuscript containing the life of Mr John Melvill, who was minister of Anstruther in the year 1588, and which was wrote by himself, I found a detail of the very transaction which I had been in search of. I shall give it you in his own language; which, though a little uncouth, gives a picture of the times. A. C.

"That winter, the year 1588, the king occupied in commenting of the Apoclypse, and in setting out of sermons thereupon, against the Papists and Spainzards; and yet by a piece of great oversight the Papists practised never mair busilie in this land, and maid greater preparation for receiving of the Spainzards nor that zeir. For a lang tyme the newes of the Spainish navie haid been blazed abroad; and about the lambas tyde of the 1588, this yland haid fund a fearfull effect thereof to the utter subversion bathe of kirk and police, giff God had not wonderfullie watched over the same, and mightilie faughten and defeat that armie be his suldiars the elements, quwhilk he maid all four maist fercelie to afflict them, till almaist utter consumption. Terrible was the feir, presshing war the preachings, earnest, zealous, and fervent war the prayers, sounding war the siches and sobbes, and abounding war the tears at that first and General Assembly keept at Edinburgh, when the news war credibilie tauld, sumtymes of their landing at Dunbar, sumtymes at St Andrais, and in Tay, and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromartie frith; and in verie deid as we know certainlie soon after, the Lord of armies, wha ryddes upon the wings of the wunds, the keeper of his awin Israel, was in the mean time convoying that monstrous navie about our coasts, and directing their hulks and galiaces to the ylands, rokkes, and sands, wharupon he haid destinat their wrak and destruction; for within twa or thrie moneths thereafter, earlie in the morning be brake of day, ane of our bailzies came to my bedside, saying, (but not with fray) I have to tell you news, Sir; there is arrived within our harbrie this morning a shipfull of Spainzards, bot not to giff mercie, bot to ask, and sa shaws me that the commanders haid landit, and he haid commandit tham to their ship again, till the magistrates of the town haid advyst; and the Spanzard had humblie obeyit; therefore desiret me to ryse and hear thair petition. With thaim up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of town, came to the tobbuthe, and after consultation taken to heir tham, and what answer to make, there presented us a verie reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, gray-heared, and very humble like; wha, after mikle and verie low courtessie, bowing down with his face neir the ground, and twitching my sho with his hand, began his harange in the Spanish towng, wharof I understood the substance; and being about to answer in Latin, he haiffing onlie a zoung man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld over again to us in guid English. The sum was, That King Philip his maister had rigit out a navie and armie to land in England, for just causes, to be advengit of manie intollerable wrangs quhilk he haid receivit of that nation; but God for their sins haid been against them; and be storme of weather had dryven their navie by the coast of England, and him, with a certean of capteans, being the general of twentie hulks, upon ane yll of Scotland called the Fair yll, whar they maid shipwrack, and whar sa monie as had eschapet the merseless seis and rokkes, haid mair nor sax or seaven ouks suffered great hunger and

and cauld, till conducing that bark out of Orkney, they were come as to their special friends and confederates, to kiss the King's Majesty's hand of Scotland, (and therewith bekkit even to the zeird), and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, the gentelmen, capteans, and the poore souldearie, whase condition was for the present maist miserabile and pitifull. I answerit this mikle in sum, That whowbeit neither our friendship, quhilk could not be great, seeing their King was friends to the graitist enemie of Christ, the Pope of Rome, and our King and we defyed him, nor zit thair cause against our nibours and speciall freinds of England, could procure anie benifit at our hands for thair releif or comfort, neverthelefs they should know by experience that we war meu, and se maned to human compassion and Christainess of better religion nor they, which should kyth in the fruits and effect plan contrar to thairs; for whereas our people resorting amang tham in peaceable and lawfull affairs of merchandise, war violentlei taken and cast in prisen, their guids and gear confiscat, and their bodies committed to crewal flaming fyre for the cause of religion. They sould find nathing among us but Christian pitie and warks of mercie and almes, leaving to God to work in their hartes concerning religion as it pleased him. This being trewlie reported to him be his Frenchman, with grait reverence he gaiff thanks, and said, he could not make answer for thair kirk and the laws and order thairof; only for himself, that thair war diverss Scotchmen who knew him, and to whom he had shewn courtesei and favver at Calles, and as he supposit since of the same town of Anstruther. Sa show him, that the bailzies granted him lecince with the capteans to go to thair ludging for thair refreshment, bot to nane of thair men to land, till the over lord of the town was advertised, and understand the King's Majesty's mind annent them. Thus with great courtesei he departed. That night the lord, being advertised, came; and on the morn, accompanied with a guid number of the gentlemen of the countrey round about, gaiff the said general and the capteans presence, and after the same spietches in effect as before, receavit them in his house and interteaned them humeanlie, and sufferit the souldeirs to come a land and ly all togedder, to the number of thirteen score, for the maist part young berdless men, sillie, trauchled, and hungrit, to the quhilk a day or two keall pottage and fish was giffen; for my advyce was conform to the prophet Elizeus his to the King of Israel in Samari, Giff them bread and water. The names of the commanders ware Jan Gomes de Medina general of twenty hulks, Capitan Patricio, Capitan de Legaritto, Capitan de Luffera, Capitan Mauritio, and Seigneur Serrano."

Description of the Bay of Naples.

THIS delightful coast was once the garden of all Italy, and inhabited only by the rich, the gay, and luxurious. But alas, how are the mighty fallen! it is now abandoned to the poorest and most miserable of mortals. Perhaps there is not a spot on the globe that has undergone such a total change; or that can exhibit so striking a picture of the vanity of human grandeur. Those very walls that once lodged a Cæsar, a Lucullus, an Anthony, the richest and most voluptuous of mankind, are now

now occupied by the very meanest and most indigent wretches upon earth, who are actually starving for want in those very apartments that were the scenes of the greatest luxury. There we are told, that suppers were frequently given that cost 50,000l. and some that even amounted to double that sum.

The luxury indeed of Baia was so great, that it became a proverb even amongst the luxurious Romans themselves; and, at Rome, we often find them upbraiding with effeminacy and epicurism, those who spent much of their time in this scene of delight. Clodius throws it in the teeth of Cicero more than once; and that orator's having purchased a villa here, hurt him not a little in the opinion of the graver and more austere part of the senate. The walls of these palaces still remain, and the poor peasants, in some places, have built up their miserable huts within them: but at present, there is not one gentleman or man of fashion residing in any part of this country; the former state of which, compared with the present, certainly forms the most striking contrast imaginable.

The bay of Naples, which is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the world, is of a circular figure, in most places 20 miles in diameter; so that, including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is considerably more than 60 miles. The whole of this space is so wonderfully diversified by all the riches both of art and nature, that there is scarce an object wanting to render the scene complete; and it is hard to say, whether the view be more pleasing from the singularity of many of these objects, or from the incredible variety of the whole. This bay has been named *Crater*, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl; and it is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage, with vines; with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages. There is, moreover, an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern; some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin. Palaces reared over the top of other palaces, and ancient magnificence trampled under foot——by modern folly. Mountains and islands, that were celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes; and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. Mountains sunk into plains, and plains swelled into mountains. Lakes drunk up by volcanos, and extinguished volcanos turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places, and in others throwing out flame. In short, Nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood; for every object is a *lusus naturæ*. She never seems to have gone seriously to work; but to have devoted this spot to the most unlimited indulgence of caprice and frolic.

The bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by the island of Caprea, so famous for the residence of Augustus, and so infamous afterwards for that of Tiberius. A little to the west lie the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida; the celebrated promontory of Micænum, where Æneas landed; the classic fields of Baia, Cuma, and Puzzoli; with all the variety of scenery that formed both the Tartarus and Elysium of the ancients; the Campi Phlegrei, or burning plains where Jupiter overcame the giants; the Solfaterra still smoking, as if from the effects of his thunder; the Monte Nuovo, which was thrown suddenly by fire from the bowels of the earth, as if the sons of Titan had intended to renew the war; the Monte Barbaro, formerly Mons Gaurus, the favourite of Bacchus; the picturesque city of Puzzoli; the beautiful promontory of Pausilippe, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined; the

the great and opulent city of Naples, built in the form of a vaſt amphitheatre, ſloping from the hills towards the ſea; its three caſtles; its harbour full of ſhips from every nation; its palaces, churches, and convents innumerable: the rich country thence to Portici, covered with noble houſes and gardens, and appearing only a continuation of the city: the palace of the King, with many others ſurrounding it, all built over the roofs of thoſe of Herculaneum, buried near 100 feet by the eruptions of Veſuvius: the black fields of lava that have run from that mountain, intermixed with gardens, vineyards, and orchards: Veſuvius itſelf, in the back ground of the ſcene, diſcharging volumes of fire and ſmoke, and forming a broad track in the air over our heads, extending without being broken or diſſipated to the utmoſt verge of the horizon: a variety of beautiful towns and villages, round the baſe of the mountain, thoughtleſs of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Some of theſe are reared over the roofs of Pompeii and Stabia, where Pliny periſhed; and with their foundations have pierced through the ſacred abodes of the ancient Romans; thouſands of whom lie buried here, the victims of this inexorable mountain. Next follows the extenſive and romantic coaſt of Caſtello Mare, Sorrentum, and Mola; diverſified with every picturеſque object in nature.—It was the ſtudy of this wild and beautiful country that formed our greateſt landſcape painters. This was the ſchool of Pouſſin and Salvator Roſa, but more particularly of the laſt, who compoſed many of his moſt celebrated pieces from the bold craggy rocks that ſurround this coaſt; and no doubt it was from the daily contemplation of theſe romantic objects that they ſtored their minds with that variety of ideas, which they have communicated to the world with ſuch elegance in their works.

This prodigious variety of mountains, valleys, promontories, and iſlands, covered with everlaſting verdure, and loaded with the richeſt fruits, is all the product of ſubterraneous fire. This fact is certain, and can be doubted only by thoſe who have wanted time and curioſity to examine it. It certainly ſeems wonderful that Nature ſhould make uſe of the ſame inſtrument to create as to deſtroy; and that what has been conſidered only as the conſumer of countries, is in fact the very power that produces them. Indeed, this part of our globe ſeems already to have undergone the ſentence pronounced upon the whole of it; but, like the phœnix, has riſen again from its own aſhes, in much greater beauty and ſplendour than before it was conſumed. The traces of theſe dreadful conflagrations are ſtill conſpicuous in every corner: they have been violent in their operations, but in their end have proved ſalutary in their effects. The fire in many places is not yet extinguiſhed; but Veſuvius is now the only ſpot where it rages with any degree of activity.

A very ſprightly and entertaining writer has beautifully illuſtrated the dramatic merits of Shakeſpeare and Voltaire, by a compariſon between the bay of Naples and the garden of the Thuilleries at Paris: 'Far from wiſhing,' ſays he, 'to depreciate Voltaire as a dramatic writer, I confeſs that I admire him much. I do not love Cæſar leſs; but I love Rome more. I admire the garden of the Tuilleries; the bay of Naples tranſports me. Shakeſpeare's writings reſemble this bay; Voltaire's pieces reſemble that garden. The one is uniform, noble, beautiful, fine. The eye takes in the whole with eaſe; its parts are diſtributed with judgment; its ornaments are happily diſpoſed.

Examined

Examined with minuteness, it is found free from faults: but it wants variety; its extent is limited, and its beauties are to be numbered. The other has defects. If you look into it minutely, you shall here discover a field of brambles, and there a frightful precipice. Here you shall behold a barren rock, and there you will see a miserable cottage. But it defies you to examine it minutely, without allowing yourself to be destitute of soul and sense. Sublimity is its characteristic; and grandeur is every where blended with beauty. Its variety is endless; its treasures are inexhaustible. The sweetest hills, the loveliest valleys, the richest vineyards, and the brightest coasts, are intermingled with smiling villages, with noble seats, and a most splendid and ample city. Here, groves of orange-trees and myrtle; there, woods of beeches and of oaks. The luxuriancy of these beauties is enchanting; the grandeur of the scene exceeds belief. A boundless sea, a range of mountains, and an awful volcano, fill not only the eye, but the soul and the imagination. Nature presents no greater objects. Judge of their sublimity by their effects. Vesuvius bellows, the earth shakes, the sea swells, Pompeii is suffocated, and Stabia is overwhelmed. Another night this tremendous mountain roars, a flood of fire issues from its womb, an universal cry of horror is heard from Herculaneum, a sudden silence follows—the city is no more. No pen can paint these scenes: and I must close, by saying, that both they and the garden excite admiration; but the garden of the Thuilleries was made by *Le Nautre;* the bay of Naples was formed by the Deity *.'

Sublime and beautiful as is the bay of Naples when contemplated from the sea, it affords a prospect not less enchanting when viewed from the elevated parts of the shore. To enjoy this the traveller is always directed to a garden near Puzzoli, belonging to the religious community called *Camaldulians*. This Order was founded by St Romuald, an Italian fanatic, in the year 1023, in the horrible desart of Camaldoli, otherwise called *Campo Maldoli*, situated on the Apennine mountains, within the territories of Florence. From this delicious garden, which lies on the most elevated part of the whole coast, the traveller has almost a bird's-eye prospect of the Phlegrean fields beforementioned; and hence he has a view of the whole bay of Naples, Vesuvius, with its environs, &c. &c.

From this general view of the country about Naples, we now proceed to describe some of the most celebrated scenes in its vicinity. About five miles from Puzzoli, near the entrance of the grotto of Pausilippe, is what is usually called the *tomb of Virgil.* The ascent to it is by a narrow path, which runs through a vineyard. It is overgrown with ivy leaves, and shaded with brambles, shrubs, and bushes. An ancient bay-tree, with the greatest propriety overhangs it. Many a solitary walk has been taken to this place. The earth, which contains the ashes of Virgil, a classical imagination expects to find clothed in the brightest verdure. Viewed from this magic spot, the objects which adorn the adjacent bay become doubly interesting. The poet's verses are here recollected with additional pleasure; for the verses of Virgil are interwoven in our minds with a thousand interesting ideas, with the memory of our boyish years, or the sportive scenes of childhood, of our earliest friends and companions, many of whom are now dead; and those who still live, and for whom we retain the first impression of affection, are at such a distance, as renders the hope of seeing them again very uncertain.

No

* Sherlock's Letters on several Subjects, 2 vols.

No wonder, therefore, when, in a contemplative mood, that our ſteps are often directed to a ſpot, ſo well calculated to create and cheriſh ſentiments congenial with the ſtate of our mind. But then comes an antiquary, who with his odious doubts diſturbs the pleaſing ſource of our enjoyment; and, from the fair and delightful fields of fancy, conveys us in a moment to a dark, barren, and comfortleſs deſart: he *doubts* whether this be the real place where the aſhes of Virgil were depoſited; and tells us an unſatisfactory ſtory about the other ſide of the bay, and that he is rather inclined to believe that the Poet was buried ſomewhere there, without fixing on any particular ſpot. —But whatever be the doubts of antiquaries, this venerable ruin has often furniſhed a ſubject to the Muſes of Painting and Poetry. That admirable artiſt, Mr Wright of Derby, has this year the tomb of Virgil in his exhibition. And a beautiful poem, intitled, "Virgil's Tomb," appeared in 1741, from which we cannot forbear to give the following extract, which contains a fine contraſt between the paſt and preſent ſtate of Italy, and between the ſenſations which this venerable ruin might be ſuppoſed to inſpire, and what it actually excites in a claſſic breaſt.

I came, great Bard, to gaze upon thy ſhrine,
And o'er thy relics wait th'inſpiring Nine:
For ſure, I ſaid, where Maro's aſhes ſleep,
The weeping Muſes muſt their vigils keep:
Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
Have plac'd the ſhield and martial trumpet here;
The ſhepherd's pipe, and rural honours there:
Fancy had deck'd the conſecrated ground,
And ſcatter'd never-fading roſes round.
And now my bold romantic thought aſpires
To hear the echo of celeſtial lyres;
Then catch ſome ſound to bear delighted home,
And boaſt I learn'd the verſe at Virgil's tomb:
Or ſtretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant ſhade,
With dreams ecſtatic hov'ring o'er my head,
See forms auguſt, and laurell'd ghoſts aſcend,
And with thyſelf, perhaps, the long proceſſion end.
I came—but ſoon the phantoms diſappear'd;
Far other ſcenes than wanton hope had rear'd;
No fairy rites, no funeral pomp I found;
No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round;
A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly ſhow'd
The ſpot where once thy mauſoleum ſtood:
Hardly the form remain'd; a nodding dome,
O'ergrown with moſs is now all Virgil's tomb.
'Twas ſuch a ſcene as gave a kind relief
To memory, in ſweetly-penſive grief:
Gloomy, unpleaſing images it wrought;
No muſing, ſoft complacency of thought:
For time had canker'd all, and worn away
Ev'n the laſt, mournful graces of decay:
Oblivion, hateful goddeſs, ſat before,
And cover'd with her duſky wings the door:
No ſilver harps I heard, no muſes voice,
But birds obſcene in horrid notes rejoice:
Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinſel train
Forſook the cheerleſs ſcene: no more remain
The warm ambitious hopes of airy youth.
Severe reflection came, and frowning truth.
Away each glitt'ring gay idea fled,
And bade a melancholy train ſucceed,
That form'd, or ſeem'd to form, a mournful call,
In feeble accents mutt'ring round the wall.
Seek not the muſes here! Th'affrighted maids
Have fled Parthenope's polluted ſhades:
Her happy ſhores, the ſeats of joy and eaſe,
Their fav'rite manſions once, no longer pleaſe:
No longer, as of old, in tranſports loſt,
The ſiſters rove along th' enchanted coaſt;
They turn with horror from each much-lov'd ſtream,
And loath the fields that were their darling theme:
The tuneful names themſelves once fondly gave
To ev'ry ſwelling hill, and moſſy cave,
So pleaſing then, are only heard with ſighs;
And each ſad echo bids their ſorrows riſe.'

The grotto of Pauſilippe is a ſubterraneous paſſage, cut through the mountain, near a mile in length, about 20 feet in breadth, and 30 or 40 in height, every where, except at the two extremities, where it is much higher.

higher. People of fashion generally drive through this way with torches; but the country people and foot passengers find their way, without much difficulty, by the light which enters at the extremities, and at two apertures pierced through the roof, near the middle of the grotto.—Mr Addison tells us, that the common people of Naples, in his time, believed that this passage through the mountain was the work of magic, and that Virgil was the magician.

Two miles beyond the grotto of Pausilippe is a circular lake, about half a mile in diameter, called *Lago d'Agnano;* in the margin of which is situated the famous Grotto del Cane, where so may dogs have been tortured and suffocated.

The Lucrine lake is now but a puddle to what it once was, when it was so celebrated by the ancient Romans for its oysters; its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its poisonous steams, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. But the lake of Acheron is still as noxious and gloomy as in its poetical state. Near that of Avernus is the grotto of the famous Cumean Sybil, celebrated by Virgil and others.

The cathedral of Puzzoli, built upon the ruins of an ancient temple of Jupiter; and the remains of an amphitheatre, of which the area is 172 feet long and 88 broad, deserve particular notice; as do the ruins called *Ponte di Caligula*, from their being thought the remains of a bridge which that emperor attempted to build across the bay between the city and Baia. They are supposed, with more probability, to be the ruins of a mole built with arches. Having passed over this gulph, a new field of curiosities appear. The baths and prisons of Nero; the sepulchre of his mother Agrippina; the temples of Venus, Diana, Mercury; and the ruins of the ancient city of Cuma. But no vestiges now remain of many of those magnificent villas that once adorned this luxurious coast, nor even of the town of Baia. The whole of this beauteous bay, formerly, as we have observed before, the seat of pleasure, and, at one period, the most populous spot in Italy, is now very thinly inhabited; and the contrast is still stronger between the ancient opulence and present poverty, than between the numbers of the ancient and present inhabitants. It must be acknowledged, that we can hardly look around us, in any part of this world, without perceiving objects, which, to a contemplative mind, convey reflections on the instability of grandeur, and the sad vicissitudes to which all human affairs are subject; but *here* those objects are so numerous and so striking, that they must make an impression on the most careless and inattentive passenger.

Univ. M.

Of Drinking.

AMONG many nations the accomplishment of drinking has been highly respected, because it infers a strength of head, which is well accommodated to a general, a chief, or a warrior. Warlike states have put a great value on this quality, the effect of a good constitution. Customs, which to us appear ridiculous, have always some foundation, when we examine with attention their origin.

It has been remarked, moreover, that drinkers of wine are generally stronger, braver, and more ingenious than other men; and this might at length establish among mankind the glory of being a good drinker as a prize of victory.

At

At a ſupper which Alexander gave to his captains, he propoſed a prize to thoſe who ſhould drink the moſt. *Promachus*, who was the hero of that debauch, carried off a crown of gold; but he died three days after, and his death was followed by that of 41 more who had diſputed with him the glory of that ſingular combat.

Amurath IV. Sultan of the Turks, was one day walking in a public ſtreet in diſguiſe; a pleaſure he ſometimes allowed himſelf, that he might hear and ſee what he never could have thought of in the heart of his palace.—The Sultan, in the midſt of the crowd, encountered a common fellow extremely drunk, who ſtaggering in his pace, had almoſt overturned the emperor. Such a ſight was new to him, and he wiſhed to learn what drunkenneſs was. *Becri-Muſtapha* (that was the name of the drunk man) ſeeing a perſon ſtopping to look at him, ſaid to him, 'My good friend, walk along, I don't chooſe that people ſhould ſtand ſtaring at me.—I——' Sovereigns always betray themſelves. 'What do you ſay, wretch?' replied Amurath; 'Don't you know that I am the Sultan?' 'The Sultan, are you! And don't you know that I am Becri-Muſtapha? If you'll ſell Conſtantinople, I'll buy it from you: you ſhall then be Becri-Muſtapha, and I ſhall be Sultan.'—Amurath's ſurpriſe increaſed, when he was aſſured that in a few hours this man's reaſon would return. He ordered him to be carried to the palace, to ſee what his thoughts would be when he recollected the diſcourſe he had with the Grand Signior.

They left him to ſleep, and to work off his wine in an apartment of the ſeraglio. When he awaked, he gave evident marks of the greateſt ſurpriſe. They told him his adventure, and the promiſe he had made to the Sultan. Fear ſucceeded his delirium; and knowing Amurath, he conſidered himſelf as already impaled. However, he ſummoned all his preſence of mind, and begging for a bottle of wine, which was given him, he pretended to taſte it, and then concealed it under his habit.

The Emperor appeared, and putting him in mind of his offers, demanded the ſum which he had engaged to pay as the price of Conſtantinople. *Becri-Muſtapha*, without being diſconcerted, drew out his bottle, and ſaid to the emperor, 'The ineſtimable price which is to purchaſe a capital is in this bottle. O moſt magnificent Emperor, it contains the treaſure I enjoy, and which ſurpaſſes in value the thrones of the univerſe. It depends upon yourſelf to be as rich as I was yeſterday.'—'And how ſo?' ſaid Amurath, 'By ſwallowing that divine liquor, which placed me above kings.'

Amurath wiſhed to taſte it: he drunk; and the effect was ſudden on a head which for the firſt time experienced the fumes of the juice of the grape. He became gay and lively; and to improve that delicious ſituation, he drunk more, and became intoxicated.—He got off for a violent headach; but the pain being gone, he wiſhed again to find himſelf in the ſame ſtate in which he had been the preceding evening. A new bottle made him perceive charms preferable to thoſe of a Crown. Enchanted with the diſcovery, he wiſhed every day to drink, and to get drunk with *Becri-Muſtapha*, who now became his principal favourite.

Next to Germany, Switzerland is the country where people drink moſt. The accompliſhment of drinking is ſtill a recommendation in ſeveral of the Cantons.

The Swiſs remember with admiration an ambaſſador of France, who being recalled by his court, took leave of the deputies of the Cantons.

S 2 'Sir,'

'Sir,' said one of them, 'you will not quit us without taking a *stirrup drink.*' 'A *stirrup drink,*' replied the ambassador, 'ought always to be drunk out of a boot;' and taking off one of his, made it be filled, drunk it off at a draught, put it on, and mounting his horse, left the people transported at the sight of such an action ever memorable in the Helvetian annals. *Bonet de Nuit.*

Memoir concerning the Religious ceremonies and Temples of India, and the Indian Ascetics called PANDARONS. *From the French of M. de* CAYROL.

AN explanation of the system of *Maididassein*, an Indian philosopher, from whose talents and knowledge I have derived much advantage, forms the subject of this Memoir. 'The inventors of religious ceremonies,' according to this sage, 'were convinced that a simple religion, destitute of all pomp of external worship, never can captivate the generality of mankind. The mind of man (says he) is regulated by the senses alone, and models itself solely by their impressions; for from them proceed his fears, his desires, his enjoyments. That legislator must make few proselytes, who does not conform himself to the character of the nation to whom he is to give laws.'

'Polytheism (continues he) seems to be the religion most suited to the character of the Indian. Endowed by nature with sensibility, inquisitive, listless, and timid, he beholds his gods with ecstasy; he accompanies the triumphal chariots of his deity with a rapture almost inconceivable; he is melted to pity by the sufferings which the penitents undergo, those wretched victims of the most extravagant superstition; in short, the Indian sees in the ecstatic figure of the *Pandarons* that delicious satisfaction, the forerunner of those joys which the souls of the blessed are to taste in heaven. What the philosopher despises, and what reason rejects as degrading to human nature, is with these men, who never exercise their intellectual faculties, the chief motive of their admiration and enthusiasm.'

We must agree with Maididassein, that the lawgivers of these nations have known how to accommodate themselves to the character of the people, by the invention of a worship which can subject them to its doctrine, without employing reason, violence, or constraint. The Indian, exposed to all the injustice of an arbitrary government, without partaking of its power, must have died of weariness, had not the *Bramin*, by the imposing pomp of festivals, taken care to move his soul, and to agitate his frame. Struck with the magnificence and gloomy majesty of the temples, the eye of the Indian polytheist beholds with delight those joyous processions in which festivity reigns. To objects so pleasing succeed hymns, in which the heart pours forth its effusions of sensibility, and the genius its rapturous ejaculations. In these songs of joy all nature is animated, every object announces a present god. Poetry, which in India never departs from those virtuous emotions which gave it birth, has peopled with deities the land, the water, and the sky. To the enthusiasm of the poets it is, says Maididassein, that they are indebted for the generations of their gods, for their adoptions, and from it have sprung their evil genii. *Parabarabaston*, according to the inspired writers, begat *Parasacti*, which signifies *power*: of her these mythologists have made a goddess; and from her loins, as they pre-

pretend, issued *Vichnou*, *Brama*, and *Routra*. These gods signify the water, the earth, and the fire. There are two other divinities; of whom the first is named *Maissoura* or *Maispho-rein;* and the name of the second is *Sada-Chiavein*, the air and subtle matter of the Europeans, or perhaps the *vacuum*, which some Indian philosophers make an element. The philosophers ascribe to Brama the power of production, to Vichnou they assign the power of preservation, while the attribute of Routra is to destroy. These three gods, with their wives, their sisters, and their children, invoked under different names, peculiar to the places in which they are worshipped, are the principal divinities of India. In some countries religious homage continues to be paid to the rivers, as also to particular animals, among which each pagoda distinguishes the cow and the apes which have been reared within its inclosure. The urine of the sacred cow is esteemed a specific for every kind of fever; a disease which the Romans formerly exalted to the rank of a goddess. Of all these objects of veneration, the most interesting for philosophers, and the least known in Europe, is the *Linghuam*. Few authors have inquired into the reasons which have induced the Indians to worship the Linghuam, known among the ancients under the name of *Phallum*. At the sight of that monstrous representation of the god who was adored at Lampsacus, travellers have blushed, the missionaries have denounced their anathemas, and there has not been a man who has not inquired into the origin of a worship to be traced in those festivals celebrated at ancient Rome on the 26th day of August, in the ceremonies practised at Athens in the great mysteries, in those with which the goddess Isis was honoured at Memphis, and the deity of Bacchus adored at Thebes. To these ancient votaries of the Phallum we may add the Persians and Assyrians, who reared altars to this divinity. All these nations had, without doubt, some tradition, true or fabulous, which justified their respect for a worship, which to us appears equally ridiculous and indecent. Let us consider the Indian mythology upon this subject. Vichnou, having descended upon earth, assumed the form of Ravena, a famous robber, who, after having ravaged the Carnatic, had escaped by a speedy flight from the army of the sovereign of that country. Vichnou, under the figure of this freebooter, introduced himself into the house of his wife; and performed with her a part of equal importance, but still more scandalous than that of Jupiter with the wife of Amphitryon. The Indian god carried her off, and lived with her for the space of two years. Tired at last of earthly joys, Vichnou resolved to abandon his mistress; he appeared before her in the full splendour of his godhead, his head encircled with the moon. The god having disappeared, the wife of Ravena, or, according to other mythologists, who refuse him the honour of this adventure, the wife of Devora or of Schiavein, to whom they attribute this adventure indiscriminately, founded, in memory of the ineffable pleasures which she had enjoyed during her intercourse with Vichnou, a community of virgins of the most illustrious *Casts*. Their virginity consecrated to Vichnou is the only vow which binds them to the altar; and it is upon this altar that are represented the type of the happiness of the foundress, and the symbol of that to which they themselves aspire.

The philosophical Bramins do not expose themselves to the ridicule of such a revelation. They maintain that the girls are obliged to venerate the Phallum as an object consecrated to receive the homage which they render to the god, of their virginity.

Besides,

Besides, the people are persuaded, that if a virgin betrothed, who has not lived chastely, should touch this emblematical stone, god would punish her with some dreadful disease.

We shall now follow the priests in the celebration of the two chief annual festivals. The first is celebrated upon the second of January, the commencement of the Indian year.

When the sun has finished the half of his course, the magnificent triumphal chariots, and the elephants, loaded with divinities, proceed from the city, accompanied with various instruments of music. The musicians are preceded by the *Bayaderes*, or dancing girls. This procession, after having traversed the city, stops in the plain; here all the young men, mounted on beautiful horses, set out in pursuit of a hare, which one of the assistants lets loose at a time agreed upon. The course of this animal, as it is directed towards the east or the west, prognosticates a good or a bad season. The hunters follow the fugitive at full speed; and he who strikes the decisive blow receives as the reward of his address the assurance of a fortunate year. This festival, called *pougal*, and which is celebrated with the greatest solemnity, is a proof that fear and curiosity are the most incurable maladies of human nature; that man has not so much to complain of the physical evils to which he is subject, as of the chimeras created by his own imagination. To calm this delirium of the fancy, the Indians celebrate in November another feast called *the purification.*

In a vast plain is perceived a blazing fire, placed betwixt two pools of muddy water. This water moistens a clayish kind of earth. The penitent, having first secured his feet by the assistance of this adhesive earth, walks towards the fire, and stands upon the burning coals. The short time he takes up in braving this terrible element does not permit the heat to penetrate.

For the institution of the Bayaderes of the Pagodas, we must consult mythology: They are called by the Indians *Coile tœbria*, to distinguish them from those who are employed in the service of the Casts.

In the first times, says the Indian mythology, Vichnou and Brama and others danced before the great god. He afterwards ordained, that, instead of these dancing deities, they should substitute girls to be fed with boiled rice, distributed to them thrice every day. In consequence of this, young girls are chosen from the Casts Chatria and Rassia, and put under the care of a dancing-master. This man, as soon as he is satisfied with the performance of his scholars, conducts them to the Pagoda, and presents them to Brama, who presides over the service of the temple.

When the priest has engaged them, they are led to the bath, and their heads crowned with the most beautiful flowers. After their purification, having dressed themselves elegantly, the dancing girls present themselves to the tutelary god, whom they entertain with a specimen of their skill, and are then admitted to the rank of priestesses. The Bayaderes do not disgrace their sacred character by granting their favours to the Casts Rassia and Chatria: these favours would dishonour the Braminical Cast; the priests would immediately drive from the temple such of their brethren as could be convicted of a lewdness forbidden by their laws. The fate of the Bayaderes would be the same with that of the guilty Bramin, if these dancing-girls should ever condescend to quench the flames of the Choutras, the Moguls, or the Europeans; as for the other Bayaderes, they are neither under the immediate protection of the gods, nor brought up in the temples.

These edifices, the interior of which

which is concealed from the eyes of the European traveller wherever the Indian is ſubjected only to the dominion of his ancient maſters, aſtoniſh the ſpectator by their grandeur and their ſtyle of architecture. The deſcription of the Pagoda of Strirengham will enable the reader to form a judgment of this matter.

This temple is ſurrounded with ſeven right-angled incloſures; the walls of the largeſt, defended by towers made of turf, are 750 toiſes * long, by 550 broad. In the middle of each ſide is a gate, on the top of which is a quadrangular pyramid. Two gates of the firſt incoloſure are hitherto unfiniſhed, and one of the ſecond has been thrown down by the exploſion of a caſk of gunpowder. The other incloſures, whoſe diſtances from each other gradually decreaſe as they approach to the ſacred place, are parallel to the firſt, and the gates of the whole are oppoſite to one another. Theſe gates have almoſt all of them ſome pyramidical building, riſing from three to ſeven ſtories. Theſe buildings are ornamented on the outſide with figures, repreſenting gods, men, and apes, ſurrounded with feſtoons of flowers of various colours. After having paſſed the gate of the ſixth incloſure, there is ſeen, to the right and left, a prodigious quantity of pillars which ſupport a cieling formed of ſtones from ſix to ſeven feet in length, by three or four in breadth, and about a foot and a half thick. At the ſide of this is a tank, into which the Indians go to purify themſelves. At the extremity of this vaſt pond an edifice preſents itſelf, before which an ox is carved in ſtone, ſitting ſquat upon an entablature four feet high. This building, compoſed of two naves and a chapel, the reſidence of the tutelary deity, is that which ought properly to be called *Pagoda*. In the nave which is neareſt the ſanctuary, are lodged the Bramins, the Bayaderes, and the muſicians. The Chatrias and Raſſias occupy the other building.

The high prieſt, placed at the feet of the divinity, is ſhut up with his god in another chapel 12 feet ſquare, the outſide of which is covered with plates of gold.

Coloſſal ſtatues are ſeen ſcattered through the country, dedicated to Creſchna or to Evora, and chapels which contain each their god, with a belly always of an enormous compaſs. This god has different names adapted to the functions with which he is charged. The loweſt Caſts of India call him *Baouht*; a name which I have never heard pronounced by any Bramin nor any Pandaron. Protection is ſought from theſe ſtrange gods in the time of drought, in order to obtain rain. For this purpoſe a veſſel full of water is brought, which they pour to the ſound of muſic upon the head of the *Sami*. During this ceremony, the common Bayaderes ſing a hymn; of which the following is a literal tranſlation: ‘ Powerful god, we water thy head with the element which nouriſhes the rice; the element againſt which the ſun makes war: deign to cover with a propitious cloud that ſtar which burns our harveſts, and cauſe to deſcend upon each of our uſeful plants as great a quantity of water as that with which we now ſprinkle thy head.’

It is not in honour of theſe ſecondary divinities that the immenſe Pagodas have been reared; their protection is not courted even in long pilgrimages: the numerous troops of pilgrims who cover the plains of Hindoſtan addreſs their vows only to the divinities of the firſt rank.

Fanaticiſm, always equal to itſelf, though different in its effects, cheriſhes deſpair and ſorrow in the breaſt of the Indians over whom it reigns deſpotic. Influenced by a vain and gloomy

* A toiſe is ſix feet.

gloomy terror, the Indian inflicts tortures upon himſelf, of which the variety and cruelty can ſcarcely be reached by the imagination of man. One penitent buries himſelf up to the neck in a hole into which he cannot enter but with the utmoſt difficulty, and there he periſhes in the moſt frightful agonies. Another fanatic ſeats himſelf upon chairs thick ſet with pikes. Near a temple is ſeen an enthuſiaſt, who, having for years held his arm erect, cannot again bring it to its natural poſture. Another appears, whoſe nails have pierced through the palm of his hand, which he has kept ſhut for that purpoſe. As you travel along the great roads, your ear is pierced with the cries and groans of wretches, who, covered with burning ſand, implore the pity of the paſſengers, and fooliſhly brave the wheel, the horſes, and the tigers. The god Evora is invoked by penitents, who for a minute or two remain ſuſpended by a hook faſtened in the fleſh of their ſhoulders. The god Routra forces the pilgrims at Ramſurene to apply red hot bars of iron to the ſoles of their feet. Several Pandarons impoſe upon themſelves an eternal ſilence. Theſe Aſcetics, of whom no author has hitherto made mention, deſerve our particular regard.

I have proved, in a memoir upon the Bramins, that theſe prieſts owe their inſtitution to Caſminaram, who lived under the firſt Dynaſty of the ſovereigns of the Carnatic. The Indian philoſophers, exceedingly ignorant of chronology, yield eaſily to ſimple conjectures: Hence they pretend that Taſſingue-Bajaram, the firſt protector of the founder of the Bramins, lived after Alexander; that all the Gymnoſophiſts, who lived before and ſome time after that conqueror, were Pandarons; and that the praiſes which the Greeks and Romans laviſhed upon the ſages of their nation, were addreſſed to theſe laſt, whoſe origin is loſt in the obſcurity of ages. I confeſs, that I think I have myſelf diſcerned in the Pandarons the ſame virtues, the ſame qualities with thoſe of the philoſophers whom the moſt remote antiquity has celebrated with equal juſtice and truth. The ſame application to ſtudy is obſerved in the Pandarons, the ſame ſobriety in their repaſts, as in the ancient Gymnoſophiſts. Theſe Aſcetics deſpiſe life; they inhabit the mountains, they lodge in caverns, they brave the intemperance of the climate, and the moſt urgent wants of nature. The Pandaron has the moſt exalted notions of the divinity, the trueſt ſentiments of virtue. The moſt benevolent of beings, he approaches his equals, he communicates to them the fruits of his ſtudies; he is their guide, he renders them better, and never diſgraces his inſtructions by the diſplay of ſordid intereſt. The covetous man who puts his inſtructions to ſale, would diſhonour their ſcience, and profane their ſanctuary. The innocence of the life of the Pandaron correſponds with the purity of his morals. The ſage has already practiſed with fervour what he inculcates with zeal. It is of theſe philoſophers that Plutarch muſt have ſpoken, when that writer, ſo virtuous, ſo ſagacious, ſo judicious, ſays, that in theſe countries there are men who ‘ profeſs an auſtere and ſimple philoſophy, of a ſacred character, and living according to laws of their own, who ſpend their days in the contemplation of the deity, who live at leſs expence than Diogenes, and have no need of a wallet.’

Many of the Pandarons ſpend their lives in ſtudying the nature and qualities of plants: theſe are called to the courts of the Indian and Mogul princes, and are employed by them as phyſicians.

The Europeans frequently confound the Pandarons with the Faquirs, a ſort of Mahometan monks

4 Theſe

Theſe doctors, almoſt all of the ſect of Ali, are divided into four claſſes; of which the moſt eſteemed is the claſs *Pyrjedda*, and the moſt ſanctimonious that of *Santon*. The Santons endeavour to outſtrip the Polytheiſts in all the practices of penitence; but theſe laſt, more ſolitary, more retired, leſs preſumptuous, and leſs addicted to impoſture, have neither the audacity of the Faquirs, nor their pride nor their intolerance. Indeed theſe Muſſulmen prieſts, elated with the profeſſion of a religion born in the midſt of arms, propagated by conqueſt, and proud of being the only religion in Aſia which adores one God, and acknowledges the doctrine of the unity, demand from the people the very higheſt veneration. They introduce themſelves into the palaces of the grandees, from whom they extort money with equal inſolence and rapacity. Sometimes, under the habit of Faquirs, and under the garments of a beggar, are concealed chiefs, who, having experienced a reverſe of fortune, expect from their intrigues, and the revolution of affairs, the happy moment which is to place them again at the head of armies. The hypocriſy, the vanity, the ambition of theſe devotees of Iſlamiſm, are as contrary to the views of nature, and the true worſhip which God requires of man, as are the weakneſs, the credulity, the extravagance of the penitents of Hindoſtan.

Memoires de l'Acad. de Thólouſe.

Singular Monument.

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your uſeful publication, to lay before the curious reader an etching of a very ſingular ſtone-monument, ſituated at a place called the *Dead-rigs*, near Eccles, the ſeat of Philip Anſtruther Patterſon, Eſq; about half a mile from the road leading from Greenlaw to Cornhill. From the name of the ſpot where it is placed, there can remain little doubt of its having been intended to perpetuate the memory of ſome great event, and to mark the grave of ſome noted chief. In the field there are found many human bones, which corroborates the fact. I have not been able to learn any thing concerning this ſtone to which credit can be given; and am myſelf perfectly at a loſs to determine the meaning of the figures which are repreſented on it. On the ſouth ſide is a long ſword ſimilar to thoſe two-handed weapons, many of which are ſtill preſerved of an amazing ſize. Of this kind is the famous ſword ſhown at Clackmannan caſtle, as having belonged to Robert Bruce——Over the ſword is a ſhield with three figures, which, as I am no herald, I cannot venture to give a name to; but they are clearly meant for the arms of the perſon who may lie buried beneath. On the weſt ſide within a circle at the top is a croſs, below it the arms are repeated, and on the ſhaft of the pillar is a long croſs; to the eaſt is the circle and croſs at the top, as on the weſt; beneath is the figure of a man without any cloathing or armour, with his hands laid on his breaſt, and his feet turned in;—below is a grey-hound having a collar round its neck.—The ſculpture of the figures is exceſſively rude, and ſeems the work of a very early period.—On the north ſide there is another croſs with three ſteps up to it, the top incloſed in ſomething of the ſhape of a heart. The height of the whole is fourteen feet ten inches; the pedeſtal about four feet ſquare, and

and the base of the shaft two feet by one.——I have thus endeavoured to give you a description of this extraordinary remain of antiquity; and if it shall serve to amuse any of your readers, I shall think my time has been well bestowed; and should be happy if some of them would take the trouble of communicating their conjectures to whom the arms belonged, and any thing else which may occur on the subject. I cannot leave this subject without taking notice how much the antiquary is obliged to Mr Anstruther the proprietor, for his having cleaned the stone from the moss, and cut away a hedge which nearly covered it, and thereby kept a continual dampness, which would soon have destroyed it altogether.

Edin. Sep. 6. 1785. } Yours, A. C.

Biographical Sketches *of* celebrated Musicians.

N° 8. *John Mundy.*

John Mundy organist, first of Eton College, and afterwards of the Royal Chapel of Windsor, was the son of William Mundy, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and an eminent composer. He was educated under his father, and took the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford along with Bull formerly mentioned, July 9. 1586 *. He afterwards was created Doctor of Music in the same university July 2. 1624 †.

According to Wood he was high in esteem for his great knowledge in the theoretical and practical part of music; and from his works which have reached us, we have reason to think his character a just one. He published " Songs and Psalms composed into three, four, and five parts," London 1594, in large 4to.—He composed several church-services and anthems; and he is one of the writers in the Triumphs of Oriana. He died in 1630, and was buried in the cloyster joining to St George's Chapel, Windsor.

Thomas Weelkes.

Thomas Weelkes was organist of Wykeham's College near to Winchester ‡, and afterwards of Chichester ||.

He published "Madrigals to three, four, five, and six voices," London 1597, in a large 4to. " Ballats and Madrigals to five voices, with one to six voices," London 1598, 4to, and 1608 8vo. " Madrigals of six parts apt for the viols and voices," London 1600, 4to.—He is also one of the writers in the Triumphs of Oriana, and has composed some hymns and anthems.

He does not appear to have attained to any academical honours, unless we join Wood in his conjecture, (which seems indeed extremely probable) that the entry of *Will* Weelkes of New College, Oxford, as a Bachelor of Arts, July 13. 1602, has been a mistake of the scribe or registrary of the university, in place of *Thomas* Weelkes.

Giles Farnaby.

Giles Farnaby, of Christ Church College, Oxford, after studying there for twelve years, was admitted Bachelor of Music July 7. 1592 §.

He was of the family of Farnaby of Truro is Cornwall, and nearly related to Thomas Farnaby the famous schoolmaster of Kent.

He was an eminent musician; and there

* Fasti. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. 1602. || Hawk. Hist. iii. 361. § Fasti.

there are ſtill extant of his compoſition "Canzonets to four voices, with a ſong of eight parts," London 4to, 1598. A few of the pſalm tunes in Ravenſcroft's Collection 1633, are of his compoſition. L.

OPULENCE.

I Found myſelf one day in the laboratory of a chemiſt. A little pale man was ſtanding in a thoughtful poſture near a furnace, on which was placed a veſſel of red copper. The reverberation of the fire illuminated his wan countenance: his hair ſtood on end, his beard was long and neglected; a viſor of glaſs covered his countenance, and he was wrapped in a dirty linen gown. As ſoon as he perceived me, he put his finger on his mouth.

I was ſilent. He blew with his bellows for ſome minutes, and all of a ſudden, looking up to heaven, he ſhowed me a cloud black and ſtormy-looking. He liſtened, ſaying, 'It thunders; Good.' Joy enlightened his dull countenance. 'Behold a ſtorm,' added he; 'let us go out.'

The lightening began to flaſh. He took me by the hand: 'Ah, how fortunate is this! the thunder begins to roll above us, and perhaps— let us go into the open air.' He ſeemed to wiſh to meet the ſtorm; he mounted a little riſing ground; he held out his arms to a man who came from a diſtance. The man who perceived him made him a ſign, and came running towards us. At that moment a flaſh of lightning from the cloud fell on the man who was running, and conſumed him like phoſphorus. The chemiſt cried for joy, and run to the place where the fire from heaven had decompoſed the human body: he ſtooped down, picked up a little triangular ſtone, and riſing up, cried out, 'We have now no longer occaſion for any thing: behold the philoſopher's ſtone.' And how is it ſo more than others? 'Oh,' replied he, 'for theſe forty years I have watched the thunder and the lightning. The great work which I have ſought after for ſo long a time, could only be accompliſhed by the ſudden and inſtantaneous diſſolution of a man: It is the thunder alone which is capable of diſſolving this precious matter.'

He put into my hand the philoſopher's ſtone; and while by geſtures he endeavoured to expreſs the different emotions which aroſe in his mind, a ſecond clap of thunder, more dreadful than the firſt, decompoſed him in his turn. I was not tempted to examine the place to endeavour to find a ſecond ſtone, without doubt more perfect, as the perſon who furniſhed the materials was a philoſopher. I run off as faſt as poſſible, holding in my hand the ſtone which I had inherited by means ſufficiently ſtrange.

I went and ſettled in a great city, where I hired a ſpacious garret. I bought the whole ſtock of a brazier; and that very evening, after ſecuring the door; I changed the whole porridge pots into pure gold. I broke them, or rather ſawed them, in pieces; and from theſe precious fragments I ſoon raiſed prodigious ſums.

Then all the world paid court to me: I had a hotel, a cook, carriages remarkable for the flexibility of their ſprings. The women found me charming, and the little underſtanding I had became genius.

I was young, and it was neceſſary I ſhould be married. They employed all their affected airs to accompliſh that point: they were laviſh in their praiſes; their attentions had no end. In the midſt of theſe coquettiſh and ambitious fair ones who ſought my hand, and who employed all the artillery of ſighs and artificial graces againſt me, I choſe a young perſon of an open ingenuous appearance, who

had never made any attempt upon me either by words or looks.

My nuptials were ſplendid and dazzling; and I congratulated myſelf on having choſen among that prodigious number of young women the perſon who appeared moſt gentle and moſt timid.

A genealogiſt diſcovered for me an anceſtor ſlain at *Ceriſoles*, and gratified me with a coat of arms, of three pales ſable on a field or. As for my ſpouſe, he made her a deſcendant of Troila the I. the 4th king of Aſturias.

I lay down with her in a moſt magnificent bed, and I contemplated the ſumptuouſneſs of my furniture, when I perceived a crowd of * *Vampires* enter, who began to unfurniſh my apartment. I took an opportunity to give them a ſign to leave off; they carried off every thing, making at the ſame time moſt profound bows. All the ſervants of my houſe, while they called me *My Lord*, filled their hands with ſome of my effects. Black gowns, red gowns, a thouſand people whom I knew not, came to reclaim a part, and every one made themſelves maſter of ſomething that belonged to me. They ſhowed me papers which had the virtue of carrying off my moveables before my eyes. I ſaw them take away even the caſket where my precious ſtone was depoſited; it was ſeized by the figure of a man who held in his hand a rod, and who cried out *juſtice!*

I then returned to my dear wife, and told her in the fulneſs of my heart "The Vampires have carried off every thing—you alone are left me." I ſaw her weep. I believed they were tears of affection; but my ſpouſe, ſo ſweet, ſo ingenuous, tore herſelf from my arms, and run about the apartment with the geſtures and eye of a ſhrew. Perceiving it was left bare, ſhe ſeized a purſe the Vampires had overlooked in one of the pockets of my coat; and coming up to me, gave me a hearty box on the ear and diſappeared.

Quite ſtupified by this ſcene, I raiſed myſelf up to run after my wife, for I was really fond of her. I was become ſomewhat fat with good-living, when a little Vampire, more famiſhed even than the others, leaped upon me, and began to ſuck my blood while living. He became puffed up upon my body in proportion as I grew thin; he dried me up from the foot to the head in filling himſelf with my blood; and I became ſo light, that the wind blew me off my magnificent bed through the rich curtains fairly out at the window. I fluttered about ſome time in the air, and at laſt tumbled on a pointed rock; which gave me ſuch a ſhock that by good luck I awaked.

SEMIRAMIS.—*A Dream.*

I DREAMT that I had become an antiquary, and had formed one of the moſt beautiful cabinets in Europe. I delighted particularly in mummies, and I bought them from all quarters.

I had learn't to diſtinguiſh the true mummies of Egypt from the counterfeits made by the Jews, to impoſe on the Europeans: by taſting a little bit of the mummy, I had come the length of diſtinguiſhing an Egyptian ſkeleton from that of ſome criminal baked in an oven by theſe ſcoundrels, then embalmed, afterwards covered with ſtripes of linen and hieroglyphics, and ſold by theſe dexterous rogues, who laugh at profound philoſophers.

I was not the dupe of theſe impoſtors. I knew almoſt by the form of the

* In Poland and ſome other countries, a notion is entertained, that ſome perſons after they are dead and buried, have the power of ſucking others till they die, and to them they give the name of *Vampire*. A conſumptive perſon therefore is ſuppoſed to be ſucked by a *Vampire*.

the head these ancient Eygyptians preserved by a particular secret, and who were jealous of transmitting to us their dried figures.

They were ranged in my cabinet; and I enjoyed myself, saying, All these spoke some three thousand years ago: they little thought they should arise from their catacombs near Grand Cairo, to travel into Europe, and arrive at Paris to satisfy my curiosity. Behold me surrounded with people dead but not buried, who never suspected that their bodies should one day become my property.—This idea pleased me, and I walked in the middle of these embalmed bodies, who had no longer names belonging to them, and to whom I gave such as pleased my imagination.

One day reviewing my antique and black riches, I took up the head of a mummy, and considering it attentively, Who are you? said I to it in a low voice; who are you? Instantly the head moved in my hands, and replied, I am Semiramis. What! you? pray was you beautiful?—Yes; I once appeased a sedition by showing my bosom naked and my hair flowing. And did you erect these superb gardens so much talked of?——I made Babylon be constructed; I built with magnificence on the Tygris and the Euphrates.—You have done things truly extraordinary!—I reigned like a great man, uniting talents and courage.—And your military expeditions?—I made many conquests in Ethiopia; I penetrated into India.—You fondly loved glory, Madam?—I was born for it.—And these weaknesses of which history speaks?—What do they signify? the duties I owed to the empire did not suffer; I made Assyria happy, and I deserved the honours of the *Apotheosis*.—All your ideas, Madam, are elevated: I respect you much; but one thing hurts me, you were a tyrant.—A woman is with propriety placed on a despotic throne.—Why, Madam?—Because the severity of that government is always softened by the pity natural to her sex, and by the ascendant which heaven has given to women. Pride is less hurt at being humbled before them: besides I loved the arts, and those who cultivated them; they were not treated like the rest of my subjects.—But, Madam, did you refuse to restore to your son Ninus the sceptre, of which you was only the depositary?—The sceptre which I held was not a deposit.—But may I ask you, Did you really put your husband Ninus to death?—No.—History says so.—History lies.—But Voltaire has made a tragedy on that subject, and has made you feel remorse.—Tragedies are only fables—And the voice of mankind which accuses you?—Mankind will be undeceived.—And when?—When the day proper for the discovery of truth shall come.——At these words, the head became more heavy; it fell out of my hands, and tumbled back into its box.

From the French.

On the State of RUSSIA, *extracted from a Work in Manuscript.*

WHAT a charming view is presented to the eye by the river Neva, which runs through Petersburgh! Every season exhibits a new picture; and the winter-scene is finely contrasted with that of the summer. During four months of the year the river is covered with barks, sloops, and larger vessels; the eye of the spectator meets nothing but the continued bustle of an uninterrupted navigation. But when once the sun has past the equinox, this decorated scene vanishes; the month of October, or more commonly the first days of November, bring along with them

them the forerunners of a moſt ſevere ſeaſon. Shoals of ice are carried down by the river from the lake Ladoga: thoſe *glaciers* are accumulated at its mouth, and ſoon fix themſelves there. The ſolid cruſt which is formed upon the ſurface of the water extends itſelf more and more up the river till it reach the ſource, and till at laſt all paſſage is ſhut up.

This icy ſtratum, ſtill accumulating, acquires ſometimes a thickneſs of five or ſix feet; over this maſs of ice a bed of ſnow ſpreads itſelf, and then all appearance of a river is loſt. In its room we behold a white plain, over which men, animals, and heavy carriages travel in the moſt perfect ſecurity. Foot-paths of hardened ſnow are formed for ſuch as travel in that manner; and the carriages cut out for themſelves a paſſage on the ice. In theſe extraordinary ſtreets one enjoys more ſafety than in our cities ſo much admired for their police.

During the whole winter this ſtate of things remains permanent. The waters which, ſo long as the warm ſeaſon ſuffered them to flow, had been wholly engroſſed by the veſſels of commerce, afford now, when once they are hardened by the froſts, an opportunity for every kind of recreation and feſtivity. At the approach of the carnival, mountains of ice are built upon the river itſelf, and raiſed to the height of a houſe of one ſtory. They are formed of great ſquares of ice, which are cut and prepared at ſome diſtance; and after being ſet in the manner of a pavement, are laſtly beſprinkled with water, in order to make one complete maſs of poliſhed ice. A wooden ladder conducts to the ſummit of this edifice, from whence people amuſe themſelves in deſcending with aſtoniſhing rapidity, ſometimes in ſledges and ſometimes on ſkaits. During the deſcent, the motion, accelerating more and more, carries them to a great diſtance from the artificial mountain along the ſmooth ice of the river, from which they previouſly have ſwept the ſnow. While the ſlaves amuſe themſelves with this exerciſe, (which is reſerved for them), an innumerable crowd of ſpectators ſurrounds the ſcene, ſome on foot, others on horſeback or in chariots; and the ice ſupports this vaſt multitude like a pavement much more ſolid than that of our roads.

On royal anniverſary days, there is a benediction made of the water; a ceremony which brings a great concourſe of ſpectators under the windows of the Imperial palace. The principal eccleſiaſtics of the Greek religion aſſemble on the ice, where a hole has been dug, which the water immediately fills up. This water they bleſs with their prayers, and then plunge a crucifix into it. The people bring hither their children, and the prieſts baptize them by immerſion. Around the prieſts are ſeen the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons at court; complete regiments of ſoldiers are ranged in files upon the ice, waiting to receive the benediction at the ſame time with the Neva. And as in other parts of Europe the noiſe of artillery mixes itſelf in ceremonies the moſt auguſt, as well as in rejoicings the moſt pacific, ſo here the ſoldiers terminate this one by the diſcharge of muſquetry, which is anſwered by the cannons of the citadel and the admiralty. What is better, the day concludes with an entertainment given to the prieſts in the houſe of the Empreſs's confeſſor. For ſome years paſt they have invited to this entertainment eccleſiaſtics of all religions; ſo that one ſees at the ſame table, Greek archbiſhops and biſhops, Armenian archimandrites, Catholic monks, Lutheran paſtors, Calviniſts, Hernhuts, all in the robes of their office. The common language of theſe gueſts is Latin; they diſcourſe on religion without diſputing, and

on philoſophy without underſtanding one another.

This ſpirit of concord extends itſelf from paſtors to their flocks, and prevails through the whole empire amidſt the innumerable ſects who inhabit it, without their either hating, reproaching, or wiſhing to convert one another; yet all of them follow, their particular worſhip with a zeal that is truly fanatical; and even the eſtabliſhed religion partakes of this in many of its practices.

The religion of the peaſants conſiſts in going to hear maſs, in proſtrating themſelves morning and evening before their images, in pronouncing the ghoſphodi promilui (*Lord have mercy on me*), and in ſtrictly obſerving lent.

A Ruſſian peaſant regards the violation of this as leſs pardonable than murder. The Popes or prieſts are but little informed. Their knowledge conſiſts in being able to read their ritual, and give their benediction, which is often done in the ſtreets for a penny or halfpenny, or for nothing. As it is held a meritorious work to found churches, theſe are here multiplied exceedingly; and the chiming of bells, which makes a part of their religious ſervice, is almoſt without intermiſſion. In the front of every church above the gate ſtands an image commonly enlightened with a wax-candle. If fire ſeizes on the dwelling of a Ruſſian, which happens but too frequently, their firſt care is to ſave the image. This they hold in their hands before the houſe on fire; and pointing it to the flames, beſeech it to quench them; and if it refuſe to hearken to their prayers, they then load it plentifully with abuſe. The wildeſt claſs of ſectaries is that of *Starovertſi*; a people of the ancient faith. In opinions they differ little from the orthodox Greeks; but they differ much from them in rites and in the form of church-government. Formerly they ſuffered perſecution, and conſequently their numbers increaſed; now they are left at their eaſe, and they diminiſh daily. Their averſion to tobacco is inexpreſſible. They are very hoſpitable, provided one does not ſmoke this leaf in their huts or before their images. According to them, among all the plants created by the Deity, he formed one on purpoſe to load it with his malediction; and this unfortunate plant is tobacco. If they cannot prevent at times their images from being perfumed with it, they make all the diſpatch poſſible to waſh and purify them.

By a remarkable contraſt, and as if deſtiny had aſſembled in this empire religious opinions the moſt oppoſite, one finds in its weſtern extremity, in Livonia and Eſtonia, traces ſtill remaining of Paganiſm. The inhabitants of theſe two provinces, either voluntarily or by compulſion, have indeed adopted Chriſtianity according to the reform of Luther; but in ſecret they practiſe many Pagan ſuperſtitions. They carry offerings under conſecrated trees, and under the ſhade of certain ruinous walls; they prepare ablutions and repaſts for the ſouls of the dead; they believe in magic, and give themſelves up to it clandeſtinely. Very few of them are able to read; and the clergy are obliged to withhold their bleſſing from their marriages till they can ſpell their catechiſm tolerably.

The reigning empreſs has taken meaſures to enlighten her people gradually, to give them ſchoolmaſters, prieſts better inſtructed, and a religion ſtill ſuperſtitious. Theſe laudable efforts, however, cannot have much effect; where men gain nothing by getting out of ignorance, or wherever ſervitude and diſcouragement prevail, it is in vain to expect either progreſs in ideas, or emulation in the ſouls of men.

And yet this is the moral ſtate of three quarters of the globe, while the

her reason. The crime and the punishment seemed equally marked with the impression of barbarism.

As every peasant pays his superior a certain tax for each of his children, the interest of the master is to encourage a numerous progeny, and that of the slave is to retard it. Neither husbands nor wives pique themselves on their fidelity, nor on taking any kind of concern for their children; among lower ranks corruption of manners is at its highest pitch.

L'Esprit des Journeaux.

For the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Sept. 14. 1785.

I AM an old man, and have spent much of my time at a considerable distance from this great metropolis; so you may easily believe I am little conversant in the manners and fashions of the present age. Unfortunately I have of late been intangled in a law-suit, which has been the source of much vexation, and has given rise to some little heart burnings between me and my wife; who, although she is a very notable sort of a woman in her way, has perhaps now and then a custom of expressing herself in a manner rather somewhat decisive. This, however, I only hint, not intending at present to trouble you with any family-history.

Since this same law-business of mine has been set a-going, I have been frequently obliged to spend a week at a time in town; and upon these occasions, instead of taking up my quarters in the house of my late old friend *Paxton* in the Grass-market, with whom I have crack'd many a good bottle, I was prevailed on to take lodgings in what is called a *hotel* in the New Town; where indeed I am admirably accommodated, but at twenty times the expence I used to pay thirty years ago at the *White Hart*.

Among the numberless changes I have remarked since I first visited Edinburgh, I have been particularly struck with the alterations which have taken place in the meaning affixed to certain words in the English language, and which occasioned me much inconvenience, and some little embarrassment, upon my arrival in town about six months ago, and where I had not been for upwards of a dozen of years. The word *monstrous*, for example, I had always understood to signify the very opposite of any thing amiable or elegant; and having taken up this mistaken idea, I was, I confess, exceedingly surprised, when a grandson of an old friend of mine, talking the other day of a girl he had met in the street, repeatedly declared with much emphasis, that she was *monstrous* handsome. By the greatest good fortune, this very girl happening to call yesterday forenoon on this boy's sister, I had an opportunity of seeing this figure which had united appellations so contradictory; and when I found nothing *monstrous* about her, excepting her *hair* and her *rump*, the former having been so frizzed and plastered as to reach within half an inch of her mouth on each side, and the other being bolstered up somehow to a most enormous size, the girl herself being naturally very thin and slender. I took notice of this, upon her departure, to my young friend; adding, that I now understood his meaning, and that he would have little difficulty in supporting his definition by the proof *a posteriori*. I was not long in town till I found this same word a *monstrous* favourite of all ranks; and it was but yesterday, that asking the man who came to dress my wig what sort of

a morning it was, that I might know whether to put on my ſtrong ſhoes, I was told that it was a *monſtrous* fine day.

The word *gentleman* too, ſeems to me to have extended its ſignification very conſiderably within theſe few years, and in my memory to have comprehended almoſt every male being who wears a linen ſhirt, inſomuch that I fear we ſhall in a very ſhort time be *all* gentlemen. The *gentleman*, I was informed, who had come to take my meaſure for a pair of black pluſh breeches, was in the lobby; the *gentleman* of whom I had bought ſome cart-harneſs had it ſeems done me the honour to call when I was abroad, and had left his name on a card forſooth; and I could not help laughing the other day at my attorney's, who having ordered one of his apprentices, a very ſpruce conceited-like boy, with no little affectation, to carry a bag containing ſome papers to a different part of the town, the lad poſitively refuſed to do it, ſaying, that no *gentleman* would ſtoop to an office ſo mean! In ſhort, between vanity and folly, with the cork rumps of the one ſex, and the heads of the ſame buoyant material of the other, we are like to become fit for nothing but ſtrutting before the mirror of a drawing room, or at the ring of a promenade, and, to uſe the words of Churchill,

> " Whilſt Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wiſdom ſtar'd.

I have already mentioned, that my viſits to town have been entirely occaſioned by my law-ſuit; and to ſay the truth, it has engroſſed much of my attention, the ſubject in diſpute being almoſt the one half of my eſtate. In one of the papers given in by my counſel, he ſtated the matter ſo clearly in my favour, and ſhowed ſuch a variety of caſes in point, which had formerly been adjudged on the ſide of my plea, that I thought the matter as good as determined. But preſently comes out another paper upon the part of my antagoniſt fully as long as mine, in which an equal number of caſes are quoted, as having been decided directly the other way. This you may be ſure puzzled me a good deal; but as the books, in which the whole of theſe caſes were to be found, were quoted, I borrowed them all from one of my lawyers, who ſent them to my lodgings about a month ago by four porters, in order that I might look into the matter myſelf. I cannot ſay that I have much to boaſt of as yet from this inveſtigation: for it appears to me, that when a matter is determined in one way on Monday, it is decided directly the other way on Tueſday; ſo that I ſuſpect the great ſecret is to know on what day of the week you ought to bring on your cauſe.

But if I have not reaped much inſtruction from my reſearches, I have at leaſt received ſome little amuſement; and I am led from talking of *gentlemen*, to give you an account of a caſe decided againſt a *gentleman*, and which is I think ſomewhat ſingular. It is to be found in the book entitled *A Journal of the Seſſion, &c. by William Forbes, advocate*, folio edition 1714, p. 352, and is ſtated thus: " John Purdie was fined by the juſtices of peace in one hundred pounds Scots for fornication with Chriſtian Howiſon his ſervant, conform to the act 38 parliament 1661, he being the eldeſt ſon of an heritor, and ſo a *gentleman* in the conſtruction of law. When charged for payment by Thomas Sandilands collector of theſe fines, he ſuſpended upon this ground, that the fine was exorbitant, in ſo far as he was but a ſmall heritor, and the act of parliament impoſeth the one hundred pounds upon *gentlemen* tranſgreſſors; and as all heritors are not *gentlemen*, ſo he *denied that he had the leaſt pretence to the title of a gentleman*.——

The

The lords *sustained* the reason of suspension to restrict the fine to ten pounds Scots, *because the suspender had not the face or air of a gentleman:* Albeit it was alledged by the charger, *that the suspender's profligateness and debauchery, the place of the country where he lives, and the company haunted by him, had influenced his mien." November* 9. 1709, *Sandilands* against *Purdie.*

This decision, pronounced with so much gravity, good sense, and knowledge of the world, not to mention the strict and conspicuous adherence to substantial justice, so remarkable in it; I say this decision pleases me hugely; and if every man, before assuming to himself the appellation of *gentleman,* were obliged to come forward with his *face* and *air,* and have these judged of and ascertained by a decree of the supreme court, matters would be on a very different foot, and we would *then* know to whom this appellative was really due. It would evidently have the good effect too of preventing *profligateness* and *debauchery,* which do certainly injure the complexion, or, in the language of this decree, "*influence the mien;*" and if upon the downfall, for example of a *gentleman's nose,* the procurator fiscal were obliged to *present* the culprit by a petition to the court, praying to have his title of *gentleman* recalled, *in respect of the said nose,* it would, I am persuaded, have the happiest effects.

I shall only further add, that as at present we are so over-run with gentility, so a tax upon every *gentleman,* according to the present acceptation of this word, would, in my opinion, be infinitely more productive than any one of those which Mr Pitt has brought forward for these two last sessions of parliament, and I am sure fully as popular.

THOMAS RENTFREE.

A Collection and Abridgment of celebrated Criminal Trials in Scotland, from A. D. 1736 *to* 1584; *with Historical and Critical Remarks. By* HUGO ARNOT, *Esq; Advocate.*

MR ARNOT, who is well known in the literary world by his history of Edinburgh, has in the above performance turned his attention towards a very important branch of knowledge connected with his own profession. His work, though no doubt extremely valuable for the many lights which he throws upon the criminal code of his country, is chiefly to be prized on account of the information it affords concerning the spirit of the times, which manifested itself, during the greatest part of the period comprehended in Mr Arnot's book, with equal atrocity through every department of the state as in our criminal court. We see alternate anarchy and despotism; insolence and ungovernable fanaticism of the rabble; tyranny, rapacity, and absurdity in the government; every thing giving way to religious madness; this in its turn yielding to regal or rebellious usurpers. These are the sources of those absurd and cruel prosecutions, with the horrors of which this curious volume is filled: Treasons; constructive leasing-making; trials for impurities of the body, for blasphemy, or witchcraft.

A complete system of criminal law is not to be expected from a work which only pretends to be a collection of criminal trials; but the remarks on the particular points of law ascertained or elucidated by these trials, are always ingenious, for the most part highly just. Only we could have wished that the author had added, what would have cost him

very little trouble, and greatly we think increaſed the value of his book, an index to the principles of law, in the form of the Dictionary of Deciſions. A lawyer who purchaſes it with a view to uſe in his profeſſion, will regret much the labour of reading half through before he can meet with what he wants.

To exhibit the hideous ſpectacle of public juſtice corrupted, dropping from her hands the balance, would be an ungracious office, were not the utility, we may even ſay the neceſſity, of the taſk ſo evident. A partial judge, ſitting on his arbitrary tribunal, preſents the moſt hateful aſpect of human nature. But let thoſe who wiſh to acquit themſelves with honour in that capacity, ſtudy the ſcene with diligence. It is well obſerved by Mr M'Laurin *, that thoſe who write on the hiſtory of man ſhould be well verſed in criminal records; we may add, that all thoſe who would be acquainted with the human breaſt ſhould be inſtructed in them. Its moſt ſecret horrors, its moſt abandoned crimes, flow from principles we fear too near a-kin to our moſt familiar feelings. How dangerous then not to be aware of the conſequences of indulging what we may be apt to reckon venial treſpaſſes? We who live in this enlightened age, under ſo mild a government, and ſo equitable an adminiſtration of juſtice, ought not therefore to conſider a hiſtory of the tyranny and crimes of the former rulers of the land as uſeleſs. To know them, is to be poſſeſſed of the beſt ſecurity againſt their return: like the Romans, who, whatever diſorders they admitted into their government, avoided the miſrule of kings, by keeping the tyranny of the Tarquins always before their imaginations.

No ſet of men are without their peculiar prejudices; and thoſe † of the magiſtrate are above all others dangerous to ſociety. And we may pronounce, that the ſigns of jealouſy, perceivable among the people, of thoſe very prejudices, are one of the moſt promiſing traits of the preſent times. Therefore, though in general we approve of our author's principles, yet we cannot help taking notice of his remarks upon the trial of Spence for wilful fire-raiſing, as perhaps rather ill-timed at the preſent juncture, and as inconſiſtent in ſome degree with himſelf. Thoſe glorious ſtruggles, formerly made for the ancient rights of juries would all have been in vain, if an interlocutor on the relevancy were to bind the jury to a verdict on the fact alone. We ſhall give ſome of our author's obſervations on the conduct of this jury in his own words.

"I have heard it urged as an apology for the jury who ſat upon Spence, in having given ſuch a verdict, that they would have pronounced a different one, had it not been *that, of late, too little reſpect has been paid to the opinions of jurymen when recommending a convict to mercy*. This, I know, alludes to the caſe of James Andrew, who was convicted of robbery, and condemned; and who, notwithſtanding that the jury unanimouſly recommended him to mercy, was executed in terms of the ſentence, upon the 4th of February 1784. As this has been a topic of converſation, and, with ſome, of animadverſion, I ſhall ſtate what *I know* concerning it.—The jury gave a recommendation in favour of the priſoner, ſetting forth their reaſons for ſo doing: The court made a report of a very different nature. As I have only ſeen the former, I cannot form, far leſs can I preſume to deliver, an opinion between theſe oppoſite ſentiments of the court and jury. My purpoſe then is but to ſhow,

* P. 731.

† Ferguſon's Inſtitutes of Moral Philoſophy, part vii. chap. 3. ſect. 5.

show, that the case was accurately and fairly laid before his Majesty. It appears from Lord Sydney's letter to the Lord Advocate, of the 21st January 1784, that Lord Kennet's 'report upon the case, the minutes 'of the trial, and the evidence gi-'ven thereupon, together with the 'recommendation of the jury, were 'laid before the King; who having 'maturely considered the case of the 'convict, does not see sufficient 'grounds for extending his royal 'mercy to him.' And Mr Chalmers, the solicitor at London, who corresponded with Mr Bruce, the agent for the convict, writes to him thus: The under secretary '*show-'ed me all the papers that had 'been transmitted from Scotland, and 'laid before the King*. Lord Ken-'net's report states very accurately 'the circumstances of the case, and 'mentions the recommendation of 'the jury, and the grounds they 'went upon; but adds, that he and 'his brethren did not think Andrew 'a proper object of the royal mercy; 'giving the reasons, and *showing, 'that the arguments of the jury were 'not solid, in very distinct clear 'terms*.'——As the jury had a right to give a *recommendation*, so the judges were intitled to make a *report*; and no ground of complaint can arise from this case, unless it shall please jurymen to alledge that his Majesty is not at liberty to act according to his own judgment, in the exercise of the most sublime part of his prerogative.

"But even supposing that improper means had been used to withhold the royal mercy from Andrew, I cannot admit that this is any apology for the jury which sat upon Spence the matross, having pronounced a verdict finding him *not guilty*: for I consider him to have been a most unfit object of mercy; because, from the recent and repeated outrages of the rabble, and instances of timidity in the civil magistrate, none of the crimes which arise from the avarice or malignity of *an individual*, are so hurtful to society as this *contagious* spirit of fire-raising and tumult. And this prisoner, Spence, was not only reckoned by the *spectators* of his trial, to have been proved guilty as a ringleader in the tumult, but also as having set fire to the distillery with his own hands.—Lord Kennet made the above report, relative to Andrew, as President of the Court of Justiciary in absence of the Lord Justice-Clerk. His acuteness of apprehension, his solidity of judgment, and his accuracy in business, were acknowledged when he was alive; and are now *sealed* by the united regret of the bench, the bar, and the public."

We shall only observe, that to stop the royal ear with reasons, *showing that the arguments of the jury were not solid*, is a dangerous power to be lodged with a court in whom the public confidence is not almost unlimited. At this rate every recommendation may be quashed. The jury have no opportunity of answering the learned arguments of the court; nor are they supposed equal to the task were there room for it. But the merit and demerit of the pannel is, we hold, submitted to the judgment of the jury alone. If doubts enter the royal breast with respect to the recommendation, let the *proof** be laid before his Majesty. We know that what we complain of *has been done*; it is customary: but it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance; and the seldomer it is practised to the prejudice of those un-

* There being no record now of the proof, a report on the facts is more difficult. This is one of those modern improvements for which posterity will not thank us. The recorded proof might be a check on corruption. It might at least consign to infamy those who disregarded it. Now, no memory of it remains.

unhappy individuals who undergo the law's severity, while to an upright jury they seem worthy of mercy, the better.

The following account of the expences of burning a witch is curious.

'Mair for Margarit Dunhome the time sche was in prison, and was put to death, 065 : 14 : 4.'

Count gifin out be Alexander Louddon in Lylstoun, in ye yeir of God 1649 yeiris, for Margerit Dollmoun in Burncastell.

	Scots.
Item, in ye first, to Wm Currie and Andrew Gray for the watching of hir ye space of 30 days, inde ilk day, xxx sh. inde -	xlv lib
Item mair to Jo^n Kinked for brodding of her	vi lib
Mair for meat and drink and wyne to him and his man	iiij lib
Mair for cloth to hir -	iij lib
Mair for twa tarc treis -	xl sh
Item mair for twa treis, and ye making of them, to ye warkmen - -	iij lib
Item to the hangman in Hadingtoun, and fetchin of him, thrie dollores for his pens, is	iiij lib xiiii sh
Item mair for meit and drink and wyne for his intertinge	iii lib
Item mair fer ane man and twa horss, for ye fetcheing of him, and taking of him hame agane -	xl sh
Mair to hir for meit and drink ilk ane day, iiij sh the space of xxx dayes, is	vi lib
Item mair to ye twa officers for y^r fie ilk day sex shilline aught pennes, is	x lib
Summa is iiij scoir xii lib xiiij sh	

Ghilbert Lauder.
Um. Lauder Bilzuars.

Takin of this above written soume twentie-seaven poundis Scotis qlk the said umq^l Margrit Dinham had of her ain.

92 : 14 : —
27 : — : —
———————
65 : — : —

Addresses to the Deity, by JAMES FORDYCE, *D.D.*

THE author has been long and justly celebrated as a Christian minister. His instructions to the young of both sexes are useful and acceptable fruits of his ministry. 'Though compelled by want of health,' as he informs us in his preface, to leave off the ordinary labours of his profession, he never thought of relinquishing its principles or its spirit. They are the chief comfort of his declining days; and while life with any share of ability is continued, he would not be wholly useless to the highest interests of mankind.' This work, which comes with peculiar propriety from an aged servant, may certainly conduce to those highest interests.

Devotional writings, tho' mingled with the errors and superstition and inelegance of the times in which they were written, have yet been very generally read.—A proof that there are principles of devotion in the human mind, and a presumption that such writings promote the practice of piety. It is of importance to rescue this species of composition from disgusting mixtures, and adapt it to the taste of the present times. This the Doctor has attempted, and we hope with success. His addresses are written in the style of contemplation. It should flow in a smooth, sweet, untroubled stream. It is the poetry of devotion, and like other poetry gives delight.

The

The firſt addreſs is on a view of the ſea; in which he introduces an affectionate lamentation over his brother that was loſt. The ſecond is on ſalvation by Chriſt; a ſubject that has been often contemplated, but the freſh contemplation of it ſtill renews our comfort. The third is intitled Contemplation, and is mixed with interceſſions. The fourth and fifth are on Providence; in which that important and conſoling doctrine is placed in a variety of intereſting and edifying lights. The laſt is on the death of Dr Samuel Johnſon. ' It hath pleaſed thee, Almighty Diſpoſer, to number with the ſilent dead a man of renown, a maſter in Iſrael, who had the tongue of the learned, and worſhipped thee with fervour in the land of the living. His was the pen of a ready writer: His was the happy power of communicating truth with clearneſs, and inculcating virtue with energy; of clothing the graveſt counſels in the attractive garb of entertainment, and adding dignity to the moſt obvious maxims of prudence. To him it was given, with juſt diſcrimination, to expoſe the follies of the age, and with honeſt zeal to reprobate its vices.

' Let not ſuch as were ſtrangers to the piety and benevolence of thy departed ſervant, cenſure too ſeverely the partial or prejudiced opinions that ſometimes contracted and unhappily obſcured a mind otherwiſe comprehenſive and enlightened. Teach them, O Lord, more charitable allowance for miſtakes haſtily imbibed in the days of youth, and afterwards from the power of early prepoſſeſſion, without conſciouſneſs of evil, fondly retained and vehemently defended. It may be, that in him they were permitted by thy unerring Providence to manifeſt more clearly the frailty of the wiſeſt men, and to raiſe our minds from the defective patterns of excellence here below, to thyſelf, the only ſtandard of perfection.'

Prayers and Meditations compoſed by SAMUEL JOHNSON, *L. L. D.* and *publiſhed from his Manuſcripts by* GEORGE STRAHAN, *A. M.*

THE names of Fordyce and Johnſon happily unite in calling the public attention to devotional writing. In the former, that labour and poliſh are found, which a living author gives to his work. In the latter, plainneſs, repetitions and abruptneſs, appear, which characteriſe a work not originally intended for the preſs. We are informed by the editor, that theſe prayers and meditations were written by the Doctor for his own uſe, on the returns of new-year's day, the day on which his wife died, Good-Friday, Eaſter day, and his own birth-day; days which, for many years of his life, he obſerved with a religious ſolemnity. To ſome it will be a recommendation of this work, that it was not written for the public eye, nor corrected by the author, after he had conſented to the publication. Curioſity is gratified by a view of the heart. Its ſecret workings unveiled, are intereſting even in the humbleſt character; and much more in one whoſe character is publicly known. Dr Johnſon's devotions exhibit a mind turned to piety, and ſcrupulouſly laborious in the exerciſes of it; a ſenſibility to love and friendſhip, which often recalled thoſe who were dear to him in the hour of prayer; a tenderneſs of conſcience with reſpect to ſin and duty, with the fearful perturbation of mind which often accompanies it; and that humble penitential ſorrow which often proſtrates the ſoul at the footſtool of divine mercy. The idle find a rebuke in the author's remorſe for miſpent time. The melancholy find conſolation in a caſe ſimilar

milar

milar to their own. The critic will discover the seeds of some laboured essays in the Rambler. They who are apt to envy the felicity of an author admired and celebrated, will behold bitterness which his own heart only knew, and melt into compassion. His rivals in literature learn from his own mouth, that " no extent of intellect, and no eminence of fame, can arm an awakened and reflecting mind against the fear of God's displeasure."

The following meditation and prayer upon Easter-day will give a view of the Doctor's mind, and a specimen of his devotional style, which by the lovers of simplicity will probably be thought his best.

' The day is now come again, in which, by a custom which since the death of my wife I have by the divine assistance always observed, I am to renew the great covenant with my Maker and my Judge. I humbly hope to perform it better. I hope for more efficacy of resolution, and more diligence of endeavour. When I survey my past life, I discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of mind very near to madness, which I hope he that made me will suffer to extenuate many faults, and excuse many deficiences. Yet much remains to be repented and reformed. I hope that I refer more to God than in former times, and consider more what submission is due to his dispensations: but I have very little reformed my practical life; and the time in which I can struggle with habits cannot be now expected to be long. Grant, O God, that I may no longer resolve in vain, or dream away the life which thy indulgence gives me, in vacancy and uselessness.

' Almighty and most merciful Father, who seest all our miseries, and knowest all our necessities, look down upon me and pity me Defend me from the violent incursion of evil thoughts, and enable me to form and keep such resolutions as may conduce to the discharge of the duties which thy Providence shall appoint me; and so help me by thy Holy Spirit, that my heart may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found, and that I may serve thee with pure affection and a cheerful mind. Have mercy upon me, O God, have mercy upon me; years and infirmities oppress me, terror and anxiety beset me. Have mercy upon me, my Creator and my Judge. In all dangers protect me, in all perplexities relieve and free me; and so help me by thy Holy Spirit that I may now so commemorate the death of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, as that when this short and painful life shall have an end, I may for his sake be received to everlasting happiness. Amen.'

Letters of Literature, by ROBERT HERON, *Esq.*

THE reader ought to be informed, that Mr Heron has a most insuperable aversion to the possessive *s*, having declared in his 34th letter, *Notices* on the English tongue, &c. that the possessive *s*, one of the greatest disgraces of our language, ought to be *kicked* out. But how supply its place? he very properly demands. The *of*, or the *belongeth*, may *supplant* it in every possible instance, says he. Mr Heron thinks the *of* may supplant other impertinent intruders, it seems; for he has *kicked* out of his title-page its natural possessor, a poor adjective, to make room for his favourite. To drop Mr Heron's metaphor, we imagine " literary epistles," for literary

letters would have founded ill, might have anfwered his purpofe as well as Letters of Literature.

Mr Heron, in Letter 46. tells us of one who, he fays, is an ape; who looks big by getting upon the fhoulders of giants *; after dirtying them all over in getting up, writes hiftory, &c. This we apprehend is a pretty good likenefs of Mr Heron himfelf. He clambers upon the back of poor Virgil, and amidft a thoufand puerilities and monkey tricks, befpatters him with his naufeous criticifm ; but the Roman, in fpite of the ludicrous fight, maintains the dignity of his appearance. For a fpecimen,

" He is called the judicious Virgil by thofe who can fee very near as far as their nofes, with the help of a borrowed lanthorn," p. 95.--Another,

" The invocation *to* Cæfar's fpirit, the fpirit of a tyrant, who trampled on the liberties of his country, could never have been written by a poet of real genius; for invincible honefty of mind has always been its attendant. Fulfome flattery and adulation, unworthy of the foul of a flave, conftitute the merits of Virgil in this admired addrefs. May execration purfue his memory, who has placed a crown on the brows of a tyrant, that were much too bright for the beft of kings! The figns preceding the death of Julius, enumerated in the end of the book, are in the fame ftyle with the addrefs; fuperftitious offerings on the altar of flavery. They who find invention in either of thefe ornaments, are welcome to feed on it, mixed up with a little whipt cream."

Mr Heron's tafte is much too refined to bear with the inexpiable faults of the Mantuan: a poet who would pleafe him, muft be poffeffed of merit far fuperior. But where is that degree of merit to be found? The reader muft feek for it in a poem long configned to oblivion, *The Grave;* a piece now to be met with only in the libraries of devout old ladies, whofe Sibylline authority has confecrated it in the eyes of our author. He has tranfcribed fome of the paffages which he admires moft; and we do not wonder that the critic, who cannot even endure the bard of Mantua, fhould be in love with fome of the following lines:

The *new made* widow, too, *I've fometimes fpied,*
Sad fight! flow moving o'er the *proftrate* dead,
Liftlefs fhe *crawls* along in doleful black,
While burfts of forrow gufh from *either* eye.

We never heard of any one weeping with *one* eye only. Perhaps the poet meant that her forrow was real, not pretended; alluding to the mafk worn by the ancient actors, one fide of which reprefented forrow, the other grief: but this poet's widow wore no fuch mafk; for

—Burfts of forrow gufh from *either* eye;
Faft falling down her *now untafted cheek.*
Prone on the lowly grave of the *dear man*
She drops; while bufy-meddling Memory
In *barbarous* fucceffion mufters up
The paft endearments of their fofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ftill fhe thinks
She fees him; and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more clofely to the fenfelefs turf,
Nor heeds the paffenger *who looks that way.*

" In the above defcription," fays Mr Heron " there are many minute ftrokes that infer the fuperior poet: *her now untafted cheek; fhe drops:* to adopt the found to the action; *bufy-meddling memory*, an expreffion fo perfectly Shakefperian, yet not of Shakefpeare."

To

* Mr Heron is fond of this fimile; he had ufed it before in Letter 20. " Boileau's noted ode, fo replete with tinfel and with nonfenfe, proves, that he had not the fmalleft fpark of poetical genius; and that he could not even have arifen above the meaneft clafs of fcribblers, had he not been the very ape of the ancients, and had the addrefs and agility of that animal fometimes to jump on the fhoulders of his mafters, and the impudent ignorance to look big when dreffed in their cloaths."

To quote more of the flat stuff Mr Heron produces from this poem, in support of his extravagant eulogies, would tire our readers.

The rule, *Est modus in rebus*, is perpetually neglected by Mr Heron; his praise is equally strained and injudicious with his satire. The only rule he lays down to himself in bestowing of either is contradiction to the universal consent of mankind. And again, we cannot better describe him than by using his own words: Of the late Earl of Chesterfield he says, "Good judges always taking his recommendation as sufficient dispraise." His Lordship had presumed to recommend the Cardinal de Retz's memoirs to the notice of his son; but Mr Heron, on the contrary, is of opinion, that the Cardinal "was a superficial egotist, who had knavery just enough to save him from being a fool."

In Letter 28. Mr Heron says, "The talents of De Retz are thought amazing, because he had the mob of Paris at command; and his political knowledge thought superlative, because he tells us, with all the pomp of maxim, that no mob can bear, *se desheurer*, to lose a meal; for this last is the only political axiom of his that I have seen taken notice of. To have a mob at command is no proof of talents, as a late occasion must convince us: that occasion must likewise show the futility of the axiom above recited.

"If ever there was a superficial egotist, who had knavery just enough to save him from being a fool; who tells such lies from mere vanity, as carry confutation in themselves, not to speak of the reprobative testimony of cotemporaries; who is always the hero of a tale of a cock and a bull; it is De Retz. If ever there was a writer who acquired a false reputation of depth from mere muddiness of affectation; whose foolish gravity passes for wisdom; who is in every point a mere French scribbler of memoirs; it is De Retz.

"In the Menagiana, we are informed, that De Retz used to tell a story of his having seen a man catch hold of the vane of a windmill, go round on it, and alight on the spot of ground from which he had set out. This wise tale, which I suppose is another instance of his political talents, always struck me as a most just emblem of the Cardinal himself. He caught hold of a vane of the populary windmill; took a round; and was just where he was; saving that the height and rotation had such an effect upon his brain as he never got the better of, but ever after spoke and wrote like a visionary oracle."

Are Mr Heron's eyes open? Aye; but their sense is shut, we may say. In fact, the only hypothesis we can form is, that he was dreaming when he wrote misrepresentations so palpable.

We are weary of Mr Heron; and so dismiss him with an advice, rather to study carefully a few subjects only, than to wander amidst such a variety of *learning*, and load the press with monstrous and unheard-of errors and mistakes: And we would further recommend to him, to behave with the modesty becoming his acquirements. No degree of merit, indeed, could render tolerable his excessive presumption and vanity.

A singular Instrument of Punishment.

SIR,

WE have often heard of *thumbikins*, *strait-boots*, and *juggs*, the instruments which were used formerly in this country for the punishment of certain offences against the church

church or ſtate: but there remains one inſtrument hitherto *non-deſcript;* it is called the *muzzle;* and one of them is to this day preſerved in a church at St Andrews. Having ſeen it lately, I can give you a pretty good idea of its form. It is made of iron, and contrived ſo as exactly to fit a perſon's head, one hoop going round the neck, and two others croſſing over the head at right angles. Upon the inſide of the firſt, and oppoſite to the mouth, is fixed a triangular piece of iron, the ſides of which are ſomething more than an inch long. This thin piece of iron entered the mouth, and ſerved to keep that unruly member the tongue in the moſt perfect ſubjection. In the bar that comes over the face is an opening for the noſe, and the inſtrument was locked upon the head with a padlock.

The beadle of the church informed me, that he has often heard his father (who had held the ſame office) relate the following circumſtance, of which he was an eye-witneſs. One day while archbiſhop Sharp was performing divine ſervice in the above mentioned church, a woman ſtood up in one of the ſeats oppoſite to him, and publicly accuſed him of the crimes of fornication and murder. Being called upon by the congregation to be more particular, ſhe declared, that the archbiſhop, when a ſtudent at the univerſity, had debauched her, and that at his ſolicitation ſhe had murdered the fruit of their illicit connection: as a proof of which ſhe ſaid the remains might ſtill be ſeen under her own hearth-ſtone, The mob went immediately, and found the bones of a child in the place ſhe had pointed out. Whether her ſtory was true or falſe, I ſhall not pretend to determine; but it can hardly be ſuppoſed that a charge ſo extraordinary could be made in ſuch a public manner without ſome foundation, eſpecially when we conſider that by this confeſſion the woman involved herſelf in the ſame guilt. According to the beadle's account, the only puniſhment inflicted upon her was to ſtand in the ſame church a certain number of Sundays, and do penance before the congregation with this very *muzzle* upon her head; and of this the old beadle is alſo affirmed to have been an eye-witneſs.

Critical Remarks on Pope's *Homer.*

A Lady of my acquaintance, a perſon of fine underſtanding and taſte, and converſant from her youth with the beſt Engliſh writers, having lately amuſed herſelf with Pope's tranſlation of Homer, which ſhe had not looked into for many years, at the cloſe of her employment deſired my opinion of that performance, expreſſing at the ſame time no ſmall degree of diſappointment. She was ſufficiently aware of the eſtimation in which the original has always and univerſally been held among the learned, and gave me a broad hint of her ſuſpicions that prejudice had operated not a little in favour of it; having, as ſhe aſſerted, peruſed many poems, from which ſhe had at leaſt conceived much greater pleaſure.

For my own part, I have ever been among the warmeſt admirers of the Grecian, whoſe works, in my mind, in point of variety and ſublimity of conception, and dignity of expreſſion, remain to this day unrivalled. I accordingly felt myſelf a little piqued at her inſinuation; and having, ſome years ſince, made an accurate compariſon of Pope with Homer, throughout both his poems, I, with the more confidence, addreſſed myſelf to the taſk of his vindication;

X 2 and,

and, not doubting that moſt Engliſh readers muſt of neceſſity have conceived of him infinitely below his worth, I beg leave, through the medium of your Magazine, to give my ſentiments upon the ſubject a more extenſive circulation than they can otherwiſe have. I feel a double pleaſure in doing it. I conſider it not only as an opportunity to aſſert the honour of my favourite bard, but the good ſenſe and juſtice of their ſuffrages alſo who have crowned him with ſuch abundant applauſe as my female friend finds it difficult to account for.

To Pope, as a poet, I give praiſe, and grudge not. In his original works I find every ſpecies of poetical merit. But he did not build his glory upon the baſis of tranſlation. It is evident that he did not intend it: for he admitted others to a participation with him in the labour, and conſequently in the honour of that attempt; a condeſcenſion to which, with his abilities, he would never have ſtooped, had fame been his principal motive to the undertaking. His connections were many; his avocations were frequent; he was obliged to have recourſe to aſſiſtance; ſometimes to write haſtily, and rather careleſsly, himſelf; and often, no doubt, either through delicacy or precipitance, to admit ſuch lines of his coadjutors as not only diſhonoured Homer but his tranſlator alſo. You will obſerve, Sir, that if I cenſure him, I am equally ready to make his apology; which, in a caſe that to many will ſeem to need one, will, I hope, amount to ſomewhat of an apology for myſelf. I know that the learned, who have allowed themſelves leiſure to conſider the matter, are on my ſide; but I do not know that any of them have given it a minute examination in print; and though I be far from ranking myſelf in the number of thoſe who properly come under that deſcription, yet, after the pains that I have taken with the author, I account not myſelf altogether unqualified for the ſervice.

Pope was a moſt excellent rhymiſt; that is to ſay, he had the happieſt talent at accommodating his ſenſe to his rhyming occaſions. For merely to diſcover homotonous words in a language abounding with them like ours, is a taſk that would puzzle no man competently acquainted with it: But for ſuch accommodation as I have mentioned, when an author is to be tranſlated, there is little room. The ſenſe is already determined. Rhyme, therefore, muſt, in many caſes, occaſion, even to the moſt expert in the art, an almoſt unavoidable neceſſity to depart from the meaning of the original. For Butler's remark is as true as it is ludicrous, that

> " —— Ryme the rudder is of verſes,
> " With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their
> " courſes."

Accordingly, in numberleſs inſtances we may obſerve in Pope a violation of Homer's ſenſe, of which he certainly had never been guilty, had not the chains with which he had bound himſelf conſtrained him. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to mention the aukward effect that the barbarous abridgment of proper names produces in his work; an effect for which he was entirely indebted to his rhyme: for blank verſe, being of loftier conſtruction, would have afforded ſufficient room for *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*, with ſeveral others, to have ſtood upright, while the two heroes whom I have ſpecified, being ſhortened by the foot, and appearing under the appellations of *Idomen* and *Merion*, loſe much of their dignity, and are hardly to be known for the ſame perſons. But rhyme has another unhappy effect upon a poem of ſuch length. It admits not of a ſufficient variety in the pauſe and cadence. The ear is fatigued with the ſameneſs of the numbers,

bers, and satiated with a tune, musical indeed, but for ever repeated.— Here, therefore, appears to have been an error in the outset, which could never afterwards be corrected. It is to be lamented, but not to be wondered at. For who can wonder, since all men are naturally fond of that in which they excel, that Pope, who managed the bells of rhyme with more dexterity than any man, should have tied them about Homer's neck? Yet Pope, when he composed an epic poem himself, under the title of *Alfred*, wrote it in blank verse; aware, no doubt, of its greater suitableness, both in point of dignity and variety, to the grandeur of such a work. And although Atterbury advised him to burn it, and it was burnt accordingly, I will venture to say, that it did not incur that doom by the want of rhyme. It is hardly necessary for me to add, after what I have said on this part of the subject, that Homer must have suffered infinitely in the English representation that we have of him; sometimes his sense is suppressed, sometimes other sense is obtruded upon him; rhyme gives the word, and a miserable transformation ensues; instead of Homer in the graceful habit of his age and nation, we have Homer in a strait waistcoat.

The spirit and the manner of an author are terms that may, I think, be used conversely. The spirit gives birth to the manner, and the manner is an indication of the spirit. Homer's spirit was manly, bold, sublime. Superior to the practice of those little arts by which a genius like Ovid's seeks to amuse his reader, he contented himself with speaking the thing as it was, deriving a dignity from his plainness, to which writers more studious of ornament can never attain. If you meet with a metaphorical expression in Homer, you meet with a rarity indeed. I do not say that he has none; but I assert that he has very few. Scriptural poetry excepted, I believe that there is not to be found in the world poetry so simple as his. Is it thus with his translator? I answer, No; but exactly the reverse. Pope is no where more figurative in his own pieces, than in his translation of Homer. I do not deny that his flowers are beautiful, at least they are often such; but they are modern discoveries, and of English growth. The Iliad and the Odyssey, in his hands, have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them. Their simplicity is overwhelmed with a profusion of fine things, which, however they may strike the eye at first sight, make no amends for the greater beauties which they conceal. The venerable Grecian is as much the worse for his new acquisitions of this kind, as a statue by Phidias, or Praxiteles would be for the painter's brush. The man might give to it the fashionable colour of the day, the colours of the Emperor's eye, or of the hair of the Queen of France; but he would fill up those fine strokes of the artist which he designed should be the admiration of all future ages. Do you ask an instance in point? I will give you one. At the assault made by the Trojans on the Grecian wall, in the 12th book of the Iliad, Ajax kills Epicles, the friend of Sarpedon, with a great stone, which he casts down upon him from the top of the fortification. Homer says, simply, that he raised it on high, and that he cast it down. What says Pope?

> "He pois'd and swung it round; then,
> "toss'd on high,
> "It flew with force, and *labour'd up the sky.*
> "Full on the Lycian's helmet *thund'ring*
> "down
> "The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd
> "crown."

Had the stone been discharged from a mortar, with a design that it should fall on the roof of some distant citadel

del besieged by the Duke of Marlborough, there would have been great beauty in the expression *labour'd up the sky;* but in the present case it is doubtless a most gross absurdity; and yet, absurd as it is, for the sake of its poetical figure, it found admittance.

As he inserts beauties of his own, so, not unfrequently, he rejects the beauties of his author, merely because they were of a kind not easily susceptible of that polish on which he insists upon all occasions. Thus, when Idomeneus, planted in the Grecian van, is said to occupy his station with the sturdiness of a boar, the comparison is sunk. Again, when Phœnix, who had been a kind of foster-father to Achilles, in order to work upon his affections, and to prevail with him, by doing so, to engage in the battle, reminds him of the passages of his infancy, he tells the hero, that in his childish fondness for his old tutor he would drink from no cup but his; "and often," says he, "when thou hadst filled thy mouth with wine, sitting upon my knee, thou hast returned it into my bosom, and hast wetted all my raiment." The delicacy of Pope seems to have been shocked at this idea, for he has utterly passed it over; an omission by which it is not easy to say whether he has more dishonoured Homer or himself. A more exquisite stroke of nature is hardly to be found, I believe, in any poet.

The style of Homer is terse and close in the highest possible degree; insomuch, that his introductory lines excepted, in which the same adjuncts or ascriptions of wisdom, strength, or swiftness, constantly recur, as Ulysses, Diomede, or Achilles, happen to be mentioned, it were not easy to find, in many lines, perhaps in any, a single word that could be spared without detriment to the passage. He has no expletives except such as he uses avowedly for that purpose. I cannot pay the same compliment to his translator. He is so often diffuse, that he is indeed seldom otherwise; and seems, for the most part, rather to write a paraphrase than to translate. The effect of which management is a weakness and flimsiness to which Homer is completely a stranger. The famous simile at the end of the 8th book, in which the fires kindled in the Trojan camp are compared to the moon and stars in a clear night, may serve as a specimen of what I blame. In Homer it consists of five lines; in Pope, of twelve. I may be told, perhaps, that the translation is nevertheless beautiful, and I do not deny it; but I must beg leave to think that it would have been more beautiful had it been more compressed. At least I am sure that Homer's close is most to be commended. He says, simply, The shepherd's heart is glad;—a plain assertion, which in Pope is rendered thus:

> "The conscious swains, rejoicing in the
> "sight,
> "Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful
> "light."

Where the word *conscious* seems to be joined with *swain*, merely by right of ancient prescription; and where the blessing is perfectly gratuitous, Homer having mentioned no such matter *. But Pope, charmed with the scene that Homer drew, was tempted to a trial to excel his master; and the consequence was, that the simile, which in the original is like a pure drop, of simple lustre, in the copy is like that drop diluted into a bubble, that reflects all the colours of the bow. Alas! to little advantage; for the simplicity, the almost divine simplicity, of Homer is worth

* Mr Say, an excellent critic, has made some just remarks on this English simile. In particlar, he reprobates "a flood of glory," as if it were the noon-day; the application of Hector, the "shepherd of the people," as lost by "the swains," &c. EDIT.

worth more than all the glare and glitter that can be contrived.

I fear, Sir, that I have already trespassed upon your paper, and, lest I should trespass upon your patience also, will hasten, as fast as possible, to a conclusion; observing only, as I go, that the false delicacy, of which I gave a proof in the instance of Phœnix, has, in other particulars also, occasioned a flatness in the English Homer that never occurs in the Greek. Homer's heroes respected their gods just as much as the Papists respect their idols. While their own cause prospered, they were a very good sort of gods; but a reverse of fortune taking place, they treated them with a familiarity nothing short of blasphemy. These outrages Pope has diluted with such a proportion of good Christian meekness, that all the spirit of the old bard is quenched entirely. In like manner, the invective of his heroes is often soothed and tamed away so effectually, that, instead of the smartness and acrimony of the original, we find nothing but the milkiness of the best good manners. In nice discriminations of character Homer is excelled by none: but his translator makes the persons of his poem speak all one language: they are all alike, stately, pompous, and stiff. In Homer we find accuracy without littleness, ease without negligence, grandeur without ostentation, sublimity without labour. I do not find them in Pope. He is often turgid, often tame, often careless; and, to what cause it was owing I will not even surmise, upon many occasions has given an interpretation of whole passages utterly beside their meaning.

If my fair countrywomen will give a stranger credit for so much intelligence, novel at least to them, they will know hereafter whom they have to thank for the weariness with which many of them have toiled through Homer; they may rest assured, that the learned, the judicious, the polite scholars of all nations, have not been, to a man, mistaken and deceived; but that Homer, whatever figure he may make in English, is in himself intitled to the highest praise that his most sanguine admirers have bestowed upon him. Pope resembles Homer just as Homer resembled himself when he was dead. His figure and his features might be found, but their animation was all departed.

Gent. Mag.

ALETHES.

Description d'une tres grande Machine Electrique, &c. A Description of a very large Electrical Machine placed in the Museum of TEYLER *at Haarlem, and of the Experiments made with the said Machine. By* MARTINUS VAN MARUM, *Doctor in Philosophy and Medicine, &c.*

DR VAN MARUM, in his preface, invites the philosophical world to assist him in suggesting experiments to be made with this very powerful machine, and promises to do every justice to the thoughts of such philosophers as may lead to future discoveries.

The machine consists of two plates, each of 65 English inches in diameter, fixed on the same axis, at the distance of 7½ inches from each other. The cushions, faced with waxed taffata, are 15½ inches in length. The axis is insulated, and every precaution that experience and judgment could point out is used, to prevent the escape of the electricity collected by the friction of the plates. Two men are required to turn the machine; and its principal effects are as follow:

To a very sharp steel point, the conductor gave sparks at the distance of

of half an inch. Mr Nairne's great machine, made for the Duke of Tuscany, gave sparks to a point at the distance of no more than the 20th of an inch.

The same point fixed on the extremity of the positive conductor so as to project three inches beyond the surface, gave rays of six inches long to a ball of three inches diameter.

Continual flashes were thrown out from a ball of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter. These brush-like emanations were 15 or 16 inches long. There is a beautiful engraving of one of them in this work.

These flashes being received on a conductor, from which hung a small wire, the wire was illuminated for its whole length in a curious manner. This phenomenon has been long since observed with other machines: but the surprising circumstance here is, that 207 feet of iron wire of the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch diameter received at the rate of upwards of 300 flashes in a minute, and at every flash became luminous in its whole length by emitting sparks of about an inch long. The writer finds that the number of sparks thus emitted from the wire at every instant were about 100,000.

If the human body be made part of the conductor for conveying off a spark from this machine, it receives a shock equal to that of a foot of charged glass.

Gun-powder is almost always fired in Mr Wilson's manner by this machine in half a minute. Other bodies may be inflamed by the spark, such as tinder, rosin, oil of turpentine and olive oil.

A single spark melted a piece of leaf gold through its whole length, which was 20 inches, its breadth being half a line.

Dr Marum's conclusion, at p. 66. that this machine is as strong as can be made, is evidently ill-founded. For though it may not be possible to have a better insulation with glass than the Haarlem machine possesses, yet those very conductors would give longer sparks if the electricity were thrown in with more velocity; that is, if there were more plates at work.

The ordinary sparks are 21 inches long, the longest are 24 inches. They are of a serpentine form, and emit ramifications of six, seven, or eight inches long throughout their whole length.

The flashes that pass along a bronzed surface of six feet in length, have all the appearance of lightning.

A jar of one square foot surface, and having four inches of the top uncoated, discharged itself spontaneously, twice at every turn of the plates, or about 80 times in a minute.

The sensation of a spider's web on the face is felt at six, seven, and sometimes eight feet distance from the conductor.

Two conducting plates of six feet diameter were used to charge a plate of air. When the distance of the plates was two feet, the shock they gave was universal; when it was four feet, the shock was felt at the elbow; at six feet, it extended to the wrist; and 12 feet, it was felt in the joints of the fingers.

The attraction of the conductor on a fine thread of six feet in length is such, that at the distance of 38 feet it hung a foot out of the perpendicular.

A sharp point is luminous at the distance of 28 feet from the conductor; and the air of the museum, after five minutes working the machine, is so electrized, that at 40 feet distance the balls of Cavallo's electrometer diverge half an inch.

The experiments hitherto mentioned were made with the positive conductor. Dr Van Marum's trials with the negative conductor exhibit a very strong power; but, as might be

be expected, from the construction of his machine, inferior to the positive.

A very decisive set of experiments made by insulating various persons of different sexes and ages, shows that neither the plus nor minus electricities make any perceptible change in the pulse.

The effects of the electric spark passed through several different kinds of air are concisely related. These are curious and important, but cannot conveniently be abridged.

The electric corruscation on a bronzed surface having the nearest resemblance to lightning of any artificial appearance we are able to produce, it occurred to the author to make his trials by exposing a thunder-house to the spark conducted along such a surface. The facts point out a remarkable and important conclusion respecting blunt and pointed conductors. This flash strikes a point or a ball with equal force; so that it should seem that a pointed conductor is preferable to a conductor terminated by a ball, in that circumstance only where the point can solicit the electric matter directly from the main cloud; but when a long chain of ragged clouds are suspended beneath the principal cloud, the flash will be equally dense and sudden, whether it falls on a blunt or sharp conductor. But, as Mr V. Marum observes, the principal advantage of a conductor to a building does not consist in preventing the lightning from striking it, but in preserving the edifice, by conveying the electricity to the earth. The philosophic reader will see that this subject is not yet exhausted.

Some experiments of the phosphoric light produced by passing the electric spark near certain bodies are mentioned. In sugar a kind of inflammation was produced, a reddish flame being often seen of about two inches in height.

The battery charged by this machine consisted of 135 bottles of one square foot each. It stood the discharge very well, though *Nairne's* precaution of using a long circuit was not used. Mr V. Marum thinks this good quality is due to the Bohemian glass the jars were made of. Some of its effects are the following:

When it discharged spontaneously, the surface of the glass was made rough in lines of a quarter and sometimes half an inch breadth.

The discharge being made between two pieces of ivory, loaded with weights of two pounds, the ivory was disploded into pieces, and the weights thrown to the height of about five inches.

One hundred and ninety-two leaves of writing-paper, far from being of the thinnest sort, were pierced by the discharge. The hole was $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in diameter.

The battery melted 15 feet of iron wire of the $\frac{1}{151}$ of an inch in diameter.

Magnetism was given, taken away, or changed, by this discharge made through bars of steel. From the general tenor of the magnetical experiment it appears, that the position of the poles depends not at all on the direction of the electric matter, but on the direction of the extremities of the bar, the shock producing no other effect than would have arisen from a strong agitation of the parts of the iron by other mechanical means.

The revivification of metallic calces, namely minium, ceruse, crocus martis, calces of zinc and of antimony, was performed in the most satisfactory manner. For they were all, except the iron, received so as to be separated from the calcined portion, and proved to be the real metals by dissolving them in acids.

Among the facts that arise from passing the shock through metallic wires, there is one so truly singular that

that it deſerves to be literally tranſlated. Here follows the paſſage.

'In melting a ſhorter iron wire, I obſerved a phenomenon, that as far as I know is entirely new. When half the length of wire is taken that the battery is capable of melting when charged to a certain height, and the ſame charge is paſſed thro' this half length, the whole or the greateſt part of the wire is changed into calx; in this latter caſe the uncalcined part being diſperſed in the form of very ſmall red-hot globules. The calx into which the iron wire is converted, produces a very great quantity of long flakes, or ſmall filaments, from half an inch to three inches in length, and of various thickneſs. I have ſeen one about two lines thick. Theſe filaments riſe ſlowly in the midſt of a cloud of ſmoke that is formed at the ſame time by the calcination of the iron. When the battery is higher charged, or when the wire has been taken too ſhort, then theſe ſmall filaments are divided into ſtill ſmaller ones, and a ſtill higher charge converts all the wire into a thick ſmoke in which no filaments can be obſerved, or if there be any they are very minute. It is difficult to find with preciſion the charge that will entirely diſſolve wire of a given length and thickneſs into the largeſt filaments.'

Tin wire likewiſe produced this remarkable phenomenon. It does not appear that gold wire was expoſed to the ſhock.

'In attempting to ſeize the filaments of calx above deſcribed, (continues the author), I obſerved appearances that ſeem quite aſtoniſhing, and which I cannot yet account for. When the finger or any other body is brought within an inch or two from ſome of the filaments that float in the air, they are attracted; but as ſoon as they have touched the attracting body they fly off with conſiderable ſwiftneſs, at the ſame time dividing themſelves into two or more parts. Theſe filaments thus repelled are afterwards continually repelled by any thing that is brought near them, though it be made to approach ever ſo gently. Other filaments from the very firſt, without having touched any thing, fly from all approaching bodies. And the event has been the ſame, as far as I could examine, whether I have preſented my finger, a ball of two inches in diameter, or a very ſharp ſteel point.'

After this detail of the contents of the work, the reader will ſee that it is unneceſſary to attempt to direct his judgment by offering an opinion on its merits. They who can procure the work, will find its contents of high value and importance; and they who cannot, will doubtleſs be thankful for the extracts here offered for their acceptance. N.

Maty's Review.

A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phraſes, accompanied with an Engliſh Tranſlation; by DONALD MACINTOSH.

THE proverbs in this collection are ſaid to have in their own native language a peculiar elegance and ſtrength, which cannot be ſo well transfuſed into another tongue; nevertheleſs the mere Engliſh reader will ſee them pregnant with the ſtrongeſt features of maſculine good ſenſe, and the nobleſt maxims of prudence and of virtue.

The compiler has accompanied many of the proverbs with explanatory notes, tending to illuſtrate ſome of the ancient practices ſtill continued in the Highlands.

On the proverb,

"Am fear nach cunnda rium, cha chunndain ris:" That is, "The man who keeps no account of his good acts to me, I'll repay without measure:" He has the following note,

"Said by Henry Wynd at the conflict betwixt the Macphersons and Davidsons on the north Inch of Perth:

"I cannot forbear taking this opportunity of pointing out a mistake of the Scottish historians, a mistake they have been led into, by their ignorance of the Gaelic language, and the similarity of the two names Clan Mhic Dhai,' *i. e.* the Davidsons; and Clan Mhic Aoi', *i. e.* the Mackays. I must crave the indulgence of relating at length the story which gave rise to the above saying.

In the year 1291, Macdonald King of the Isles (which title he acquired in virtue of in invitation from the other chiefs to lead them against the Danes, and afterwards by a marriage with the heiress of the Danish monarchy in Sky,) sent his nephew, Angus Macintosh of that Ilk, to Dougall Dall Macgillicattan, chief of the Clan Chattan, to acquaint him that the King intended to visit him. At this time it was a custom when the King or Lord paid a visit to any of his vassals, that he was presented with the daughter, or, failing a daughter, the wife of the vassal, for his companion for the night, if required. This barbarous custom, though seldom practised, Macgillicattan knew would not be dispensed with upon this occasion; and having an only daughter, in order to prevent the bad consequence he foresaw would happen, he offered his daughter in marriage to Macintosh, together with his estate, and the chieftainship of the Clan Chattan. This event accordingly took place; and Macintosh by this means became captain or leader of the Clan Chattan.

The greatest part of Macintosh's estate thus acquired being a considerable time let to the Camerons, and they having often refused to pay the stipulated rent, Macintosh was often obliged to seize their cattle; in consequence of which several conflicts ensued betwixt them, with various success; but as that of Innernahavon in Badenoch gave rise to the one on the north Inch of Perth, I shall briefly relate both.

About the year 1296, the Camerons convened their numerous clan and dependants, together with such others as they could prevail upon to assist them, as the Campbells, Macdonalds, &c. to make reprisals on Macintosh; who knowing their intention, soon collected an equal force, consisting also of several clans, under the general name of Clan Chattan, to oppose them; but when the two armies came in fight, an unseasonable difference arose betwixt two of these Clans, viz. the Macphersons and Davidsons; though they both agreed that Macintosh should command the whole, as Captain of the Clan Chattan, yet they could not agree who should have the right of the other: Macpherson of Cluny contended for it as chief of the Clan Chattan; and Davidson of Innernahavon, as being head of another branch equally ancient. The dispute was at length referred to Macintosh the captain, who imprudently decided it in favour of Davidson of Innernahavon; which gave such offence to Macpherson of Cluny, that he drew off his men, who stood idle spectators, while the Macintoshes and Davidsons, overpowered by numbers, were defeated. Macintosh being irritated and disappointed by this behaviour of the Macphersons, on the night following, sent his own bard to the camp of the Macphersons, as if he had come from the Camerons to provoke them to fight; which he accomplished by repeating the following satyrical lines:

Tha luchd na foilleadh air an tom,
Is am Balg-Shuilich donna na dhraip;
Cha b'e bhuir cairdeas ruinn a bh' ann
A chbhur lamh a bhi tais.

i. e. "The falſe party are on the field, beholding the chief in danger: it was not your love to us that made you abſtain from fighting, but merely your own cowardice."

This reproach ſo ſtung Macpherſon, that calling up his men, he attacked the Camerons that ſame night in their camp, and made a dreadful ſlaughter of them, purſued them to the foot of Binn imhais, and killed their chief, Charles Macgilony, at a place called *Coire Thearlaich*, *i. e.* "Charles's Valley."

Though the above conflict put an end to the diſpute with the Camerons at that time, yet it created another equally dangerous betwixt the Macpherſons and Davidſons: theſe were perpetually plundering and killing each other; inſomuch, that the King ſent Lindſay Earl of Crawford, and Dunbar Earl of Moray, two of the greateſt noblemen in the kingdom, to compromiſe matters and reconcile them. This being found impoſſible to do without bloodſhed, gave riſe to the celebrated trial of valour on the north Inch of Perth, which happened on Monday before the feaſt of St Michael, in the time of King Robert the III. in the year 1396.

The Scottiſh hiſtorians ſay that it was fought betwixt the Clan Chattan and Clan Kay; the laſt they ſuppoſed to be the Mackays, inſtead of the Clan Cay or Davidſons, which occaſioned their miſtake, the Mackays not even inhabiting near, but at a great diſtance from the Clan Chattan.

It was agreed that the Macpherſons and Davidſons ſhould each chooſe thirty men from their ſeveral clans, who were to fight before the King and court, and the conquerors were ever after to be the ſuperior.

The north Inch of Perth was choſen as the field of battle; and the combatants were allowed no other weapons but broad ſwords.

The day appointed being come, both parties appeared; but upon muſtering the combatants, the Macpherſons wanted one of their number, he having fallen ſick. It was propoſed to balance the difference, by withdrawing one of the Davidſons; but ſo reſolved were they upon conquering their opponents, that not one would be prevailed upon to quit the danger. In this emergency, one Henry Wynd, a foundling brought up in an hoſpital at Perth, commonly called an *Gobh Crom*, *i. e.* "the Crooked Smith," offered to ſupply the ſick man's place for a French-crown of gold, about three half-crowns Sterling money; a great ſum in thoſe days.

Every thing being now ſettled, the combatants began with incredible fury; and the Crooked Smith being an able ſwordſman, contributed much to the honour of the day, victory declaring for the Macpherſons, of whom only 10 beſides the Gobh Crom were left alive, and all dangerouſly wounded. The Davidſons were all cut off except one man; who, remaining unhurt, threw himſelf into the Tay, and eſcaped.

Henry Wynd ſet out from Perth after the battle, with a horſe-load of his effects, and ſwore he would not take up his habitation till his load fell; which happened in Strathdone, in Aberdeenſhire, where he took up his reſidence. The place is ſtill called *Leac 'ic a Ghobhain*, *i. e.* "The Smith's Dwelling." The Smiths, or Gows, and Macglaſhans, are commonly called *Sliochd a Ghobh Chruim*, *i. e.* "The deſcendants of the Crooked Smith;" but all agree that he had no poſterity, though he had followers of the firſt rank, to the number of 12, who were proud of being reputed the children of ſo valiant a man; and the more to ingratiate themſelves in his favour,

they

they generally learned to make fwords as well as to ufe them; which occafioned their being called *Gow*, *i. e.* "Smith." His 12 apprentices fpread themfelves all over the kingdom. Moft of them took the name of *Macintofh;* thofe who write otherwife, own their defcent from them, though many of them are Macphersons, &c.

Smith of Balharry's motto, "Caraid an am feum," *i. e.* "A friend in need," feems to allude to the Gobh Croms affifting the Macphersons on the above occafion.

As foon as the Gobh Crom had killed a man, he fat down to reft; and being perceived by the captain, he demanded the reafon; the other anfwered, that he had performed his engagement, and done enough for his wages: the captain replied, that no wages would be counted to him, he fhould have an equivalent for his valour; upon which he immediately got up to fight, and repeated the above faying."——*Pen. Macin. Pen. Macph. Buchan. Abercrom. Hift. of Moray*, &c. &c.

Addrefs of One Hundred and Two chief Heritors and Heads of Clans in the Highlands of Scotland to King George I. on his Acceffion to the Throne; which, by Court Intrigue, was prevented from being delivered to his Majefty. The confequence was, that the Clans, in refentment of this fuppofed neglect, *raifed a Rebellion in the following year* 1715. *Faithfully copied from the original preferved in the Mufæum of the Antiquaries of Scotland.*

May it pleafe your Majefty,

WE of the chief heritors and others in the Highlands of Scotland under fubfcribing, beg leave to exprefs the joy of our hearts at your Majefty's happy acceffion to the crown of Great Britain. Your Majefty has the blood of our ancient Monarchs in your veins and in your family; may that Royal Race ever continue to reign over us. Your Majefty's princely virtues, and the happy profpect we have in your royal family, of an uninterrupted fucceffion of Kings to fway the Britifh fceptre, muft extinguifh thofe divifions and contefts which in former times too much prevailed, and unite all who have the happinefs to live under your Majefty into a firm obedience and loyalty to your Majefty's perfon, family, and government; and as our predeceffors have for many ages had the honour to diftinguifh themfelves by their loyalty, fo we do moft humbly affure your Majefty, that we will reckon it our honour ftedfaftly to adhere to you, and with our lives and fortunes to fupport your crown and dignity againft all oppofers.

Pardon us, great Sir, to implore your royal protection againft any who labour to mifreprefent us, and who rather ufe their endeavours to create mifunderftandings than to engage the hearts of your fubjects to that loyalty and cheerful affectionate obedience which we owe, and are ready to teftify towards your Majefty. Under fo excellent a King, we are perfuaded that we, and all your other peaceable faithful fubjects, fhall enjoy their juft rights and liberties, and that our enemies fhall not be able to hurt us with your Majefty; for whofe royal favour we prefume humbly to hope, as our forefathers were honoured with that of your Majefty's anceftors. Our mountains, though undervalued by fome, are neverthelefs acknowledged to have, in all times, been fruitful in producing hardy and gallant men; and fuch, we hope, fhall never be wanting amongft

mongst us, who shall be ready to undergo all dangers in defence of your Majesty's, and your royal posterity's, only rightful title to the crown of Great Britain. Our behaviour shall always witness for us, that, with unalterable firmness and zeal, we are,

May it please your Majesty,
your Majesty's most loyal,
most obedient, and most dutiful
subjects and servants.

Alex. M'Donell of Glengarie
Mackintosh of that Ilk
J. Cameron of Locheill
Jo. Stewart of Ardsheall
Farq. M'Gilleray of Dunmaglass
Donald M'Donell of Lundie
Alex. M'Donell of Ardochie
John M'Donell of Gandarge
Normand M'Leod of Drynach
Normand M'Leod of Grisernish
John M'Donell of Ardnabie
Hugh Fraser of Gusachan
John M'Tavish of Little Garth
Thomas Fraser
D. Mackdonald
Rod. Chisholm of Comer
Jo. Stewart of Appine
Jo. Grant of Glenmoristone
A. M'Donald of Glenco
Jo. M'Donell of Shienne
Alex. M'Donell of Kytrie
Alex. M'Donell of Easter Cullachy
Rod. M'Leod of Ullinish
Will. M'Leod of Vaterstein younger
Will. M'Leod of Hussinish
Kenneth M'Leod of Kallisaig
William Fraser of Cullidace younger
Simon Fraser of Crochel
John Fraser of Innerchannish
Dun. Campbell of Lochinell
Ang. M'Intosh of Kellachie
J. M'Dougal of Dunollich
D. M'Pherson of Cluny
La. M'Pherson of Noid
Alex. M'Donell Leick
Jo. M'Donell of Oberchalder
Will. M'Leod of Hamer junior
John M'Leod of Gesto
Ro. M'Leod of Ensay
Alex. M'Lcoid Handreavich
John Chisholm of Knockfine
Tavish M'Tavish Pellelyne
Aene M'Donell of Muckerach
Hugh Fraser of Aberskie
Tho. Houston of Dulchirachan
James Campbell of Auchinbrek
Anneas M'Donell of Dranichane
Ro. M'Leod of Hamer
D. M'Leod of Sandeck
Don. M'Leod of Ebost
Will. M'Leod of Skarbost
Lachlan M'Kinnon of Breckinsh
Thomas Fraser of Eskedell
T. Fraser of Koklanie
Alexander Fraser of Glenuakie
Hugh Fraser younger of Erogy
Hugh Fraser of Bethrabine
Jo. Fraser of Borlime
MacLeane of that Ilk
Jo. M'Lennon of that Ilk
Do. M'Leod of Contalich, tutor of M'Leod
Donald M'Leod of Talasker
Alex. M'Donald of Cleonag
Ac M'Donell of Tulloch
Al. M'Donald of Achnackoichine
Alex. M'Donald of Bohuntin
Jo. M'Donell of Inveroy
W. Fraser of Kilbackie
James Fraser of Belladrum
Alex. Fraser of Kinapuntach
Ha. Fraser of Dunchea
Jo. Fraser of Kinbrely
John Fraser of Drumond
Alex. Mackenzie of Fraserdale
W. MacDonell of Keappoch
Ro. M'Donald of Trinadrish
J. M'Donald of Fersett
Ranald M'Donald of Coronsie
Ro. M'Donald of Mursfie
Hugh Fraser of Kinneries
Ja. Fraser of Kiluk
Tho. Fraser of Dunballoch
Will. Fraser of Killachule
Ja. Fraser of Newtown
Hugh Fraser of Little Struie
Alex. Fraser of Belnain
John Fraser Gartmor
Alex. Fraser of Farrachne
Alex. Fraser of Easterheadshaw
Hugh Fraser of Easter Ardachie
James Fraser of Milndire
Don. M'Lean of Brolosss
Hector MackLean of Coll
D. M'Lene of Tarbart
Ang. M'Leane of Kenlochaline
Allan M'Leane of Inverscadle
T. M'Lean of Mingarie
Lach. M'Leane of Achure
Don. MacLean of Drimgigha younger
Allan MacLean of Reddel
Lauchlan M'Lean of Drimgigha elder
Lauchlan M'Leane of Kilmory

The Power of Love and Filial Duty. From the French of M. Imbert.

AT the time of the protectorship of Cromwell, Lord Mirvey was one of those victims whom that usurper had destined as a sacrifice to his interest or revenge. Mirvey, who then resided in a public capacity at a foreign court, being informed that his proscription had been secretly resolved on, prepared to avoid it by flight. But he had left at London, with an aged sister, a daughter named *Julia*, an only child, dear to his heart, whom he had quitted with regret, and whom he ardently wished to see again. He had just received the news of his sister's death; and the image of his daughter,

ter, left without protection, overcame the idea of his own danger. He did not hesitate to expose himself on a theatre which the tyrant had decreed to be the scene of his death: but he took such precautions as prudence suggested; for the same sentiment which made him seek his dear Julia at the hazard of his life, inspired him with the desire of preserving it for her. He disguised his name, his rank, and his features, and had at last the happiness of arriving in London, and of rejoining his daughter without being known or even suspected.

In Julia were united the most interesting figure, the purest mind, and the most susceptible heart. She loved her father passionately, but the pleasure of seeing him was quickly allayed by the danger which threatened him. Joy made her forget this for a moment, but the cruel reflection immediately returned. The sentence pronounced against him haunted her thoughts; she knew that the hatred which suggested it was implacable, and her heart made a sudden transition from the purest joy to the most torturing anguish. "Ah, my father!" said she bursting into tears, "what have you done? should the ministers of the tyrant tear you from my arms!—The desire of revisiting your Julia has made you forgetful of yourself. How can I defend that life which you have hazarded for my sake? This proof of your love draws tears of affection from my eyes; alas! it may shortly cost me tears of anguish. If heaven, which at present permits tyranny, should make you fall its victim, I shall die; but I shall die with the bitter thought of having been the cause of your death."———Mirvey pressed his daughter to his heart, and answered her with his tears.

It became necessary, however, to consider in what way his return was to be concealed. The Protector and his servants were vigilant—what was to be done, and to whom was such a secret to be imparted? Mirvey, content with the love and the duty of his daughter, agreed to deprive himself of the light of day, to be in a manner buried alive, till it should please heaven to avert the hatred of his persecutor, or to avenge the sufferings of England.

A narrow unfrequented vault under the house appeared to Julia the only asylum to which she could intrust a deposit so dear. This vault had a small opening into a back court, which to avoid suspicion she shut up, and a lamp afforded him the only light he enjoyed. Thus a dungeon, dark and cold, was the only means which the unhappy Julia could devise to save her father, whose jailor she seemed to be, even when exerting the most affectionate attentions. Her own hands prepared his food, and she prudently avoided seeing him during the day.

What a situation this for the unfortunate Mirvey! He had nothing to console him but a few books, which his grief made him shut as soon as they were opened, and ink and paper, which were useless, because he found himself secluded from the rest of the world. But Julia, though more at liberty than he, suffered not less. Her disquietude was more intolerable than the irksomeness of the most vexatious captivity. Her fear made her put a wrong construction on every thing she saw, every thing she heard; and the least noise made her tremble. She burnt with desire to hear the news of the court; but she durst not ask, lest the motive for her questions should be suspected. Her father was for ever present in her thoughts; yet she imagined she could not pronounce his name without betraying him. Her eyes were continually attracted towards the place which concealed him, tho' they never were suffered to rest there even for a moment, lest a single look should discover his retreat.

The reader may perhaps be already interested for Julia; but he knows but half of her distress. Her heart, so anxious for the fate of her father, was besides a prey to love; to that sentiment which, in the soul of an Englishwoman, is never a slight affection or feeble emotion, but the most imperious of passions. The young Thermond, worthy at once of her love and of her esteem, had paid his addresses to her when her aunt was alive, who a few months before her death had remitted him to Julia's father. Mirvey thought him not unworthy of his alliance; but afterwards for political reasons changed his mind. The father of this young Lord had taken part with Cromwell, and Mirvey had charged his daughter to forget an affection which now appeared criminal in his eyes.

This order came too late. Far from loosening the bonds of these two lovers, it only served to bind them the closer. The aunt, overcome by their distress, and seduced by their tears, consented to their union by a private marriage. Such was the situation of Julia at the return of her father. Having felicitated her upon her obedience, of which, however, perhaps he was not persuaded, "My dear child (said he), I demand and expect from you a new proof of your docility and affection. The secret of my return must for ever remain unknown. If my destiny does not alter, I am resolved that the world shall never know that I had the weakness to return to a country of which I am ashamed, and which has dishonoured itself by its submission to a tyrant. This vault, which conceals my life from the world, must also conceal my death. Let it be my grave as it has been my asylum. But I will that my secret remain even after my death, that no one may know

know that my ashes repose in my ungrateful country. "If my daughter, when I am gone," said he with a frightful tone, "shall discover that secret, I give her up to the avenging hand of heaven; I pronounce upon her from this moment my paternal malediction: and if by a still more criminal infidelity she dare, while I am alive, to disclose this secret to any one, whoever he may be, this weapon shall shed my blood before her eyes, and I will leave to my dishonoured country a daughter worthy of it—a parricide."

Julia knew her father's temper too well to consider this discourse as a common threat, or the effect of a transitory passion. Mirvey, whom we have hitherto described as an affectionate father, was at the same time of a character firm even to obstinacy, and in temper fierce and inflexible. Irritated by the circumstances of the times, and by his misfortunes, he had become still more savage; so that every thing was to be feared from his despair.

Julia promised, and even bound herself by an oath which her father dictated. Her duty seemed to have become more sacred as she had deviated from it. Love, which had been the occasion of her fault, had not freed her from the remorse which attended it: and though there had been no other motives, the recollection of a fault which she could not repent of, but which she could not dissemble, would have been sufficient to oblige her to the blindest obedience.

It is easy to imagine how difficult such a silence must have been, and how much it would increase the embarrassment of a situation already so painful and so distressing. What could she say to Thermond, who, in right of a lover and of a husband, considered the abode of his Julia as his own? Could she dare to receive him in direct disobedience of her father; or could they see one another in spite of him, over the vault in which he was immured, when perhaps the noise of their steps, or the sound of their voices, might reach his ears? Or could she, in conversation with her husband, disguise the trouble of her heart; or justify herself, when an oath the most sacred condemned her to silence?

One expedient, however, though a weak one, suggested itself to Julia. She wrote to Thermond, that being alone in the house, where she remained in expectation of an old female relation, and not being in a condition to declare their marriage, she thought it a duty she owed to decency and to her honour to deprive herself of the pleasure of seeing him where she was. She added, that all the precautions he could take would not be sufficient to conquer the fear of an involuntary indiscretion; and that relying upon his love, she hoped he would spare his dear Julia from an interview so imprudent. Thermond had a sister a few leagues from London, who alone of his family was acquainted with his marriage, and in whose house Julia proposed to meet her lord.

The pretence she had chosen was weak, especially for a lover tender and passionate like hers. But necessity was the cause; and Julia's will was a law to Thermond. Her letter, while it afflicted him, expressed so much tenderness and sensibility, that he could not but submit to what it exacted. The faithful Julia, in recompence for what she called his complaisance, promised to see him at his sister's every day; and she was true to her promise.

What courage and fortitude does not love inspire! Julia, with a delicate constitution, enfeebled by vexation, dividing her cares between love and filial duty, devoted the day to her husband, and the night to her father. The unhappy Mirvey, who imagined that his daughter repaired the fatigue she gave herself during the night by ease and quiet during the day, was yet justly afraid that her health had suffered. He knew not that sleep never visited her eye-lids either by night or by day. To what fatigue was she not exposed by her long and habitual excursions to her husband? to what embarrassment in concealing from him the true reason of them? Add to all this, the vexatious constraint in which she lived, the continual conflicts of a heart full of filial duty, and the tenderest love, forced to hide the father from the husband and the husband from the father. Whence was she to derive strength sufficient to support such multiplied affliction, such varied calamity? How many tears did she suppress! and the less she wept the more she suffered.—The end of her misfortunes, however, seemed still at a distance; and an unforeseen accident occurred to augment her distress. From the continual agitation of her mind she had inadvertently left among the papers which came to the hands of her father a letter of Thermond's of a recent date. At the sight of this, the anger of the impetuous Mirvey was kindled into rage. "Perfidious child," cried he with a voice of thunder, "is it thus you have obeyed me!" Julia offered to speak; but he interrupted her: "Art thou about to add falsehood and imposture to disobedience? What do I say? Disobedience! Great God, to whom have I confided the secret of my life? She who can despise the commands of a father and sacrifice nature to love, may she not ——" "Hold," cried Julia with an accent of agony and grief, "spare a child, guilty indeed, but unfortunate.—Yes my father, it is true, I have seen Thermond after your interdiction; but is it so easy to extinguish the passion of love? Your own sister permitted me to hope for a happier lot; and it was in her presence, and with her approbation, that

Ther-

Thermond ——" "My ſiſter too!" interrupted Mirvey, "What! all that I loved: Do my own kindred betray me!—Leave me, unworthy child,—reſtore me to liberty, open to me my priſon, let me deliver myſelf to the tyrant. Guilt is in thy heart—Doſt thou know whither it may lead thee?—in giving myſelf up, perhaps I ſave thee from the guilt of parricide.

At this frightful diſcourſe, the unhappy Julia threw her arms round her father and embraced him cloſely. "My father," cried ſhe, with her eyes running over, "would you ſee me expire at your feet? O how hardly you think of me! What! I betray you! No—you cannot think it—Grief, my dear father—grief makes you more unjuſt than I am criminal. Have you braved death for me; and does ſhame now appear to you more ſupportable than my preſence? Would you prefer a ſcaffold to your child?"

At the ſound of this voice, which had ſo often penetrated his ſoul, at theſe accents of the heart which we can neither imitate nor define, Mirvey began to relent. His eye fell upon Julia, and he wept. The ſoul of Julia felt the change, and was comforted; a ſweet ſmile beamed through her tears. She dropt from his arms, fell at his feet, and with eyes lifted to heaven, "Great God!" cried ſhe with the moſt lively expreſſion of affectionate ſenſibility, "I thank thee, thou haſt reſtored to me my father—Yes, in that paternal regard I read my pardon. Ah, my father, let your lips ſpeak it. Believe, ſaid ſhe, preſſing him to her boſom; be aſſured that your ſecret is inviolate, and that the whole heart of Julia is your's. No; guilt is not in her heart——it cannot dwell there with the love ſhe has for you."

Though the natural ſeverity of Mirvey's diſpoſition was increaſed by his ſituation, yet he paſſionately loved his daughter; a few tears dropt from his eyes; and ſhe, whoſe joy almoſt deprived her of the uſe of ſpeech, continued with a voice interrupted by ſobbing. "Will you not,—my dear father—do you not conſent to live for me?" "Yes, my child, replied Mirvey; "but if one word"—This threat was the laſt effort of his rage.—Julia interrupted, and re-aſſured him; and he replied to her words and her careſſes by a tender embrace.

At the commencement of this ſcene, we have ſeen the affrighted Julia make the confeſſion of her diſobedience; had ſhe not been interrupted by the violence of her father, ſhe would undoubtedly have diſcovered to him the whole ſecrets of her heart. After he was appeaſed, ſhe thought it hazardous to finiſh the fatal confeſſion; ſhe was ſilent, and choſe rather to conſole than to afflict him further.

When it was day, Julia left him as uſual; but her ſpirits were exhauſted by the diſtreſs ſhe had endured. In the mean while Thermond expects her at the houſe of his relation. She was too well acquainted with the violence of his love to hazard an abſence from him even of a day. She therefore was obliged to ſummon all her fortitude, and ſet out to meet him.

But ſo much fatigue, and the conſequences of a ſituation ſo irkſome, could not but affect her health. Her lover, always tender, always paſſionate, obſerved the change not only in her features but by her dejection, which ſeemed daily to increaſe. Often did he aſk the reaſon; but Julia only alledged the abſence of her father. Perhaps, indeed, ſhe who had never been accuſtomed to deviate from truth, could not expreſs even this innocent evaſion but with ſuch an air of conſtraint as awakened ſuſpicion. However this might be, Thermond was not ſatisfied with her replies. "Julia," ſaid he to her one day; my dear Julia, you have made me the happieſt of men; all the riches, the honours of the world, are nothing in compariſon of what you have beſtowed on me. You have given me your hand, your heart: but to the completely happy, the leaſt ſorrow is torment. Suffer then, my love, to impart, to you its moſt tender alarms. I think—at leaſt my fear makes me think, that while you are with me, you are not affected as heretofore with the ardor of my paſſion, and the lively expreſſion of it. If time, which has but increaſed my love, hath weakened yours, if the ſorrow"—Scarcely had he pronounced theſe words when an expreſſive look from Julia made him feel he had wronged her. He fell at her feet, and by the moſt tender diſcourſe and ſweeteſt careſſes ſoon expiated his injurious ſuſpicions.

Mean time, no news of Lord Mirvey having reached either London or the court, people knew not what to think. Cromwell, who had occupied every avenue which might bring information to Julia, was ſurpriſed at having diſcovered nothing; and he reſolved to watch her ſtill more cloſely. Diſguiſing his policy with the maſk of decency and even protection, he pretended, that as the relation whom Julia had ſo long expected, was not arrived, it was imprudent that a girl of her rank and at her age ſhould remain alone. He therefore one evening conveyed to her an invitation, or rather an order, to come and live with a certain lady of the court; and informed her that next day ſhe ſhould be ſent for.

What did the ſenſible heart of Julia feel upon the receipt of ſo dreadful a command! Unable either to reſiſt or to obey, the ſentence of death would have been leſs afflicting. Pale, fainting, and bathed in tears, ſhe

she descends into the fatal vault; she throws herself into the arms of Mirvey; and, "O my father!" is all she can utter. Mirvey supports her, recalls her sinking spirits, interrogates her, and learns at last the dreadful order. Regarding this as the award of his death, he instantly prepares to effect it himself. Julia flies to him, and holding his arm, "O my father," she exclaims; "if you will die, begin by depriving me of life. What crime have I committed, that you should punish me with the horrible spectacle of your death?"

Mirvey, disarmed by the action and reproaches of Julia, throws himself into her arms. "But what!" says he in a tone of agony and despair; "what would you have me do? Am I to die by hunger, or on a scaffold?"

"No," says Julia, collecting her whole strength; "nobody suspects you in this place, Perhaps flight may be successful: Let us fly then, we will find together either a refuge or death. Whatever danger may attend the enterprize, it is the only course that is left us, and we have but a moment to accomplish it."

Julia pronounced these words with a tone of firmness and fortitude which softened Mirvey without convincing him. He complied, however, with her intreaties; yielded himself to her directions, and prepared to follow her. See then the tender Julia holding by the hand her unfortunate father, mounting the stair of the vault, and flying from her house. Seized with an universal tremor, she gains the street, never quitting the hand of her father, but grasping it with all her force. Her countenance betrays no uneasiness; her step is quick though trembling: as she walks she implores of heaven the most impenetrable darkness, and to all the world the profoundest sleep: her feet hardly touch the ground; and she is afraid to draw her breath, lest the noise should awaken tyranny.

O think not that she forgot her husband; but could she abandon her father? the danger permitted her not to lose a single moment; but she had resolved when in safety to write to Thermond, to comfort him, and to justify her absence.

But Thermond had been informed of the order which Julia had received; and being afraid of losing the opportunity of seeing her, and wishing for an interview before her departure, he had set out to repair to her.

He was yet at a distance when he perceived through the darkness two people who seemed intent on a most precipitate flight. He approaches, observes, doubts what he sees, examines again; and at last recognizes Julia flying with a man unknown to him. At this moment he is no longer master of his passion: Either afraid of some violence on Julia, or seeing her fly without resistance, a jealous thought had taken possession of him (for to the shame of the human heart this injurious sentiment will mingle with the tenderest love), he draws his sword, and accosting the unknown, "Whoever you are," cries he with a terrible voice, "draw and defend yourself."

Mirvey was not yet enfeebled by age: he disengages his hand from that of Julia, retires a step, draws, and encounters his adversary. Julia throws herself between their swords, exclaiming, "O my father," in a voice of agony and dismay, and falls without sense or motion to the ground. At these words Thermond throws his sword at the feet of Mirvey, who stoops to raise his child. The unfortunate husband hastens to assist him. Overwhelmed with remorse, he has not the power of utterance. But the danger of Julia and of her father is not the only crime for which he has to reproach himself. His mistake is the occasion of a more cruel misfortune: while Mirvey, who recognises him, prepares to come to an explanation with him, the noise has given the alarm, the guards arrive; Mirvey is known and arrested, in order to be produced next day before the Protector.

Into what depth of misery are Thermond and Julia and her father precipitated! But surely the most unhappy of the three is Thermond, by whose fault this calamity hath overtaken them. No punishment can be compared to the torments he endures; but he would think himself more criminal still if he should content himself with weeping at the evils he hath caused. His despair hath not bereft him of his courage; and he resolves to hazard his own life rather than to abandon those whom he has made wretched.

Early next day he runs to the palace of Cromwell, waits till he is attended by several of his courtiers, and before Mirvey is produced or announced, he begins to relate the story to the Protector with all the eagerness and warmth which the sentiment that animates him can inspire. He speaks of his own mistake which made Mirvey be discovered and arrested; draws such a picture of the evils which this unfortunate father must have suffered; dwells with such overpowering eloquence on the heroic tenderness of Julia, that the whole courtiers melt into tears. Thermond drops on his knees, and in the name of every feeling heart demands of Cromwell the pardon of Lord Mirvey.

Cromwell, who found every one around him melted into tenderness, saw that he could not punish without being accused of inhumanity; perhaps too his own heart real-

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ly felt some compunction. He granted the request, and every one applauded his clemency.

Thermond runs, he flies to carry the news to Mirvey. This unhappy father, who less dreaded his own death than the distress it would bring upon his daughter, was overcome by this proof of courage and of love. He forgave the two lovers; and Cromwell, whether from clemency or policy, spoke in their behalf to Thermond's father, who, like a good courtier, confirmed the marriage of his son with Julia.

P O E T R Y.

To the memory of a most Exemplary Parent.

IF worth, departed, e'er deserv'd a tear,
Stop, gentle stranger, pay the tribute here:
Here rest in peace fair piety and truth,
Honour'd in age, and much belov'd in youth;
A noble pattern of unsullied life,
A tender mother, and a virtuous wife.
Each Christian virtue in her bosom reign'd;
The humble friendless were by her maintain'd:
Each sorrowing tale she kindly deign'd to hear;
For each distress she dropt the pitying tear:
More than her little pow'r allow'd, she gave;
She never knew *that virtue* how to save.
Few were her pleasures in this transient state,
A painful weary pilgrimage her fate:
Her comforts few while doom'd on earth to dwell;
So dying smil'd, and softly said—"*I'm well.*"
Dear blessed shade! forgive this starting tear:
A weeping daughter still wou'd wish thee here;
But Heav'n, more just and gracious, deem'd it hard,
For worth like thine, to wait a late reward;
So kindly mov'd thee to that peaceful shore
Where pleasures reign, and troubles are no more;
There, with thy kindred saints in endless peace,
There praise that Name whose love can never cease.

J—— F——

A DREAM.

WITH bridal cake beneath her head,
As JENNY press'd her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendant from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
The squire, the captain trips;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,
And Fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow-chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but, O rash Muse! forbear,
No virgins dreams pursue;
Yet blest above the gods is he
Who proves such visions true.

LOVE *and the* ROSE.

AS the Rose when left by Zephyr
To the sun's meridian ray,
Droops its head, its colour changing,
Fades before the god of day;
So the heart, when left by virtue
To the flames of love a prey,
Soon, too soon, its quiet loses,
All its pleasures fade away.—

When the sun's soft rays are darting,
Then the rose to bloom appears;
Love by hope when kindly flatter'd,
Makes the heart forget its fears:
But, too soon, what rais'd the rose-bud
Brings it to its lowest state;
So would love, my dearest Celia;
Shun its pow'r, and dread thy fate.

Love, which seems to us so tender,
Like the snake beneath the flow'r,
Under pleasure's charming features,
Knows to bend us to his pow'r.—
Let us then with care avoid him:
He seems innocent and pure;
But with secret arms provided,
Wounds our heart beyond all cure.

N.

Translation of Verses by HENRY *the Fourth of France.*

AURORA, come, I thee implore,
My heart is gay when you appear;
The lovely nymph whom I adore,
Like thee is rosy all the year.—

Beyond all others she is fair,
To her a slender shape is given;
Her sparkling eye of lustre rare,
Seems like the morning-star of heaven.

The rose, when water'd by the dew,
Has not more freshness than my fair;
No ermine elegant to view,
No lily can with her compare. N.

Ode to Mr WRIGHT *of Derby, on his Picture of the Attack of Gibraltar, by* WILLIAM HAYLEY, *Esq.*

AWAY! ye sweet, but trivial forms,
That from the placid pencil rise,
When playful art the landscape warms
With Italy's unclouded skies!
Stay, Vanity! nor yet demand
Thy portrait from the painter's hand!
Nor ask thou, Indolence, to aid thy dream,
The soft allusion of the mimic stream,
That twinkles to thy sight with Cynthia's trembling beam.

Be thine, my friend, a nobler task!
Beside thy vacant easil see
Guests, who, with claims superior, ask
New miracles of art from thee:
Valour, who mocks unequal strife,
And clemency, whose smile is life!
'Wright! let thy skill (this radiant pair exclaim)
'Give to our view our favourite scene of Fame,
'Where Britain's genius blaz'd in glory's brightest flame.'

Celestial ministers! ye speak
To no dull agent sloth-opprest,
Who coldly hears, in spirit weak,
Heroic virtue's high behest;
Behold! tho' Envy strives to foil
The Artist bent on public toil,
Behold! his flames terrific lustre shed;
His naval blaze mounts from its billowy bed;
And Calpe proudly rears her war-illumin'd head.

In gorgeous pomp for ever shine,
Bright monument of Britain's force!
Tho' doom'd to feel her fame decline
In ill-starr'd war's o'erwhelming course,
Tho' Europe's envious realms unite
To crush her in unequal fight,
Her genius, deeply stung with generous shame,
On this exulting rock array'd in flame,
Equals her ancient feats, and vindicates her name.

How fiercely British valour pours
The deluge of destructive fire,
Which o'er that watery Babel roars,
Bidding the baffled host retire,
And leave their fall'n, to yield their breath
In different pangs of double death!
Ye shall not perish: no! ye hapless brave,
Reckless of peril thro' the fiery wave,
See! British mercy steers, each prostrate foe to save.

Rival of Greece, in arms, in arts,
Tho' deem'd in her declining days,
Britain yet boasts unnumber'd hearts,
Who keenly pant for public praise;
Her battles yet are firmly fought
By chiefs with Spartan courage fraught:
Her painters with Athenian zeal unite
To trace the glories of the prosp'rous fight,
And gild th'embattl'd scene with Art's immortal light.

Tho' many a hand may well pourtray
The rushing war's infuriate shock,
Proud Calpe bids thee, Wright, display
The terrors of her blazing rock:
The burning bulks of baffled Spain,
From thee she claims, nor claims in vain,
Thou mighty master of the mimic flame,
Whose peerless pencil, with peculiar aim,
Has form'd, of lasting fire, the basis of thy fame.

Epitaph for NAPIER *of Merchiston, inventor of the Logarithms.*

NO, Napier! thou wer't not that thing,
The creature of a pageant King,
Which people call a Lord:
A squire thou wer't; but such a squire
As might have held Apollo's lyre,
Nay touch'd its tuneful chord.

With purple flowers, O strew the grave,
Ye sons of science, where he lies;
And when ye lightly tread the sod,
Say, "Here's the Peer was made by God,
"Who made him great and wise."

ALBANICUS.

EPITAPH.

PRAY stop, good people, as you pass,
And view this little spot of grass—
Underneath it—one foot deep,
Lies fav'rite TOMA—fast asleep.

He

He liv'd a life of innocence;
None e'er could fay he gave offence,
In thought, in action, or in word.
Go, reader, imitate this bird.
Then, when you from the earth withdraw
You'll be more prais'd than poor TOMA.

Edin. Aug. 6. 1785. T. M.

QUIN—for he now had left the ftage—
One day with David riding out,
By the advice of doctors fage,
To cure the gout.

That cloud, he faid, portends a fhow'r;
Thefe thin bath rugs will naught avail us:
No fhed, no tree, no friendly bow'r,
Nor yet an ale-houfe!

Thanks to the gods! I fpy a fign.
That fable cloud ere long will patter.
I fear the rafcal keeps no wine.
'Tis no great matter.

Here, landlord! oftler! wench! or devil!
At laft the little landlord came,
And eke his wife, though large yet civil;
A comely dame.

What, little John, art thou mine hoft?
I'm glad to fee thee, by my life.
Come let us have fome ale and toaft.
So that's thy wife.

Well, I rejoice upon my foul,
That, in the worft of times, by wedding,
Thou, little John, haft got a hole
To put thy head in.

The Mutual Confeffion. A Tale.

A CERTAIN Lord, by his phyfician,
Was fent upon a vifit to Old Nick;
Where he beheld his coachman Dick
Difpatch'd upon the fame commiffion.
" My Lord!——I hope your Lordfhip's well!—
" I'm charm'd to fee fo good a mafter:—
" But tell me, pray, what ftrange difafter
" Has brought you with fuch fpeed to hell?"
" You know, my friend," the Peer reply'd,
" My fpotlefs wife, as chafte as fair,
" Had crown'd my labours with an heir.
" Some wife intrigues and tricks I try'd,
" To blefs this worthy object of my care:
" But I unfortunately died;
" So now you fee I'm fentenc'd to be try'd.
" But you, my good old friend, whofe grave
" Even I bedew'd with many a tear,
" So faithful, fo attach'd a flave——
" Pray, what the devil brought you here?"
" Alas, my Lord!—that fon of your's—God rot him!
" Your faithful flave is damn'd for having got him!"

Ode on Mr BOSWELL's *Gong.*

WONDER of Wonders! what is this
Mankind applaud? You cannot mifs.
Of *Bofwell* now fhall be my fong.
Nay, Greater ftill! of *Bofwell's Gong.*
Bofwell, who's happy if he can contrive
To fee thieves hang'd, and keep the Lords * alive.

Old *Foulis* of Woodford—He
Of hearty memory,
To Bofwell left this bell,
His fame full oft to tell:
Upon no title-deed the boon did reft,
But generous *Prefton* ftamp'd the grand bequeft.

From China's empire o'er the deep was brought
This mighty *Gong*—yet, oh! who could have thought
It fhould one day the rapt attention call
Of London cits in the Egyptian hall!

Hark! hark! how loud it founds! I tell you, hark!
In the illuftrious mayoralty of *Clarke!*
Such is the pow'r of brafs!
Methinks I hear Dundas!
'Twould drown Fox, Sheridan, nay, *all* the tongues
Of fenators renown'd for hunger and for lungs.

But, lo! yet more remains—*I'll tell you what*—
The *manfion-houfe* no longer needs a cat,
Sacred to *Whittington*; fhe need not ftir,
But on the pictur'd canvafs feem to pur:
The noife tremendous of the *Gong* is fuch,
Nor rats nor mice remain the cheefe to touch:
Fled from their lurking holes in wild affright,
Deep in *Fleet*'s muddy gulf they're funk to endlefs night.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a Noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible well *bound*,
Not as printed by Bafket, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I fuppos'd it intended for family-pray'rs.
His piety pleas'd; I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to fteal:
But judge my furprife, when inform'd of the cafe,
He chain'd it, *for fear it fhould fly in his face.*

F. W.

* The Lords of Seffion in Scotland.

MICELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The following is an estimate of the produce of the American Islands, *as handed about on the Continent.*

	Livres Tournois.
SPAIN draws from her islands	10,000,000
Denmark employs 70 ships, and 15000 seamen, and draws	7,000,000
Her slave-trade brings in two millions, and the nett produce, comprehending the premiums for insurance at 10 *per cent.* is	3,000,000
Holland draws from her establishments in America, twenty-four millions for goods; in exporting of which she employs 150 ships and 4000 sailors, which cost four millions and a half. To the twenty-four millions must be added the profits of insurance and commission, which exceed two millions and a half. The goods exported from Europe, and the slaves from Africa, cost twelve millions. Remain nett for the proprietors, about - -	12,500,000
The produce of the English Islands, before the revolution, amounted to sixty-six millions, and the trade employed 600 ships, and 12,000 sailors; at present it is reduced to about two-thirds, or - -	44,000,000
The French islands produce one hundred millions, and 600 ships; and above 12,000 sailors are employed in that trade. They consume annually about sixty millions in slaves, the productions of France and Portugal gold, which bring in a profit of - - -	6,000,000
It is true, that the expences of navigation swallow up part of the profits; however, there remains to be shared between the merchant and planter at least - - -	12,000,000
Livres	207,500,000

Or reckoning 24 livres to the pound Sterling, or 8,645,833 l. 6s. 8d. to such an immense sum do the productions of the great American Archipelago give circulation in Europe. And of this the best part falls to the share of the maritime powers.

Extract of a Letter from Bengal.

Camp, near Ferochabad, in the Duab, Dec. 16. 1784.

"A great dearth has desolated the upper provinces of this beautiful country. Hardly any rain has fallen during four years. In consequence the crops have failed, and the poor starved. The scarcity was also in Bengal; but its being under better government, preserved it from monopolists and ruin. Thanks to the Almighty! a plentiful crop promises this year, plenty of rain having fallen. From my inquiries, I find half of the inhabitants of the Duab and Rohileund have perished. Every ditch, road, brook, pond, and street, of these countries, were strewed with dead bodies of men, women, and children. As there is no police in this country, where the wretch expires, there he lies, till his flesh is stripped off by the dogs, which is generally done in two days. No one buries him; for who are friends to a starved wretch? Besides, the Hindoos do not bury their dead, but burn them if they have money to buy fuel. We have been often obliged to shift our camp on account of the stench arising from the putrefaction of so many bodies. When you reflect, that the people of Hindostan are the most abstemious in the world; that their daily food is never flesh; hardly any thing else than about a seer (not quite two pounds weight) of wheat or barley made into cakes, and baked over a few lighted sticks: when you understand, that such is their food, and simple water their drink, you may form some judgment of the rage of this famine, which could deprive them of even this little. Men and women, with their children in their hands, flocked to camp, offering themselves for sale for a quart of corn. Mothers sold their children for four annas each, (or the fourth part of a rupee or half-crown) I could have purchased a thousand children at this price from four to ten years of age. I actually did purchase three very fine children, between seven and eight years of age, for three rupees or half-crowns. I might have had them for a third of the sum, together with their mothers. I have them now. I had writings delivered with them, properly attested by the cutwal (or magistrate.) But as I shudder at the thought of one human creature being slave to another; and fearing, should any accident happen to me, my executors might sell them; I have destroyed the writings, and declared them free. My sole motive for purchasing them was to preserve them from death.

"But the most shocking instance of the effect of famine ever recorded is what I am going to relate, and which happened half a quarter of a mile from me. A poor woman at this place had not tasted food for five days. In this extremity she was delivered of a live child. Hunger was so extreme, that

that she cut off the head of the infant, and threw it away; the body she put into an oven of hot sand, in which the people of this country parch their corn: when it was something roasted, she drew it forth, and had actually eaten the arm and shoulder before it was discovered. I understand she perished next day.

"History informs us of a mother devouring her child during the siege of Jerusalem; but then the whole city was starving. This poor wretch was reduced to this hard alternative in a British camp, where many, I am sorry to say,—oh the partial distribution of Fortune!—were sick with repletion. You in England who are so accustomed to cherish dogs, and receive the fondest submission from them, are astonished, no doubt, to hear of these creatures devouring dead bodies of men in India. But I must set you right, by informing you, that dogs are not private property in this country as in England; they are common to all: a native would no more call a parriar (dog) his than he would the jackal of the field. Wise nature has so ordered, that this hot country, in which flesh putrifies almost as soon as the life leaves it, abounds with these dogs, called *parriars;* they are in shape like a fox-dog in England, but longer legged. Every village and town has many of them; they go up and down the streets seeking dead carcases, which they devour, whether of horses, bullocks, sheep, or men. Nothing comes amiss to them; no one offends them: they are considered of essential service; and they are really so, preserving the land from pestilence, which animal corruption would certainly bring on without them. The sagacity of these animals is astonishing; they have been seen to walk by a famished wretch, in expectation of sinking with weakness, every now and then looking in his face, as if to inquire how long he would be kept from his prey. So soon as the unhappy man falls, the dog seizes the part next him, which is generally the bowels, and then tears them out before the wretch's face. It is observable, that although the poor victim is unable to defend himself long before he falls, yet the dog never attacks him while he walks or stands. I have seen hundreds of bodies with two or three dogs tugging the limbs to pieces."

A correspondent observes, that since the discovery of the New World specie has prodigiously increased. That able Spanish patriot, Ustaritz, calculates at 6000 millions of pesos, the quantity introduced in Europe by his nation, (a peso is a Spanish coin, of the value of a bank crown.) The Dutch are so fond of Japan, only because they get a great quantity of gold and silver from thence. There is throughout Europe, and to the remotest parts of Siberia, mines that can furnish materials proper for coinage. The invention of the bank in joining the assistance of paper to that of specie, has produced a kind of increase, which scarce knows any bounds. With all this, trade often experiences a want of ready money. The reasons for it are, first, the too great quantities of treasure in the public banks, or in the coffers of misers. In the second place, the earth is no longer so rich, so fertile in metals; and the mines of Germany, in particular, yield much less than they did two or three centuries ago. In the third place, the massy ornaments of the churches, the plate of the great, and even the small, amount to immense sums. There are actually now many citizens, whose plate is more considerable than was formerly that of a minister of state. Much more metal is used out of trade than it. And, fourthly, all that is used in works of architecture, luxury, and dress, may be brought to account. This exceeds by far any thing that can be imagined. But what, in the fifth place, is as considerable as hurtful, is, what the nations of the world observe, from whence we get the spices, sugar, tea, coffee, tea, china, painted linens, foreign wines, &c. Let us stop at the single example of tea. It was not known in London in 1666. Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, ambassadors from England at the Hague, sent samples of it to their ladies; it was liked, and they paid for it at the rate of 60s. per pound. This beverage was for some time reserved for the great; but in the beginning of the present century, the use of it spread and reached the people. The bohea was unknown until 1675.———The French then brought in a great quantity; and according to the memoirs of that time, it amounted to 700,000 weight per annum, exclusive of what other nations furnished. In 1728, all Europe consumed five million pounds of tea, the greatest part of which remained in England. The people of London grew so accustomed to it, that in 1742, 1,200,000 pounds were required for the consumption of that city alone; in 1755, four millions; and it is assured that now they require five. It is China that swallows up all this. The bankers may multiply their bills, the bankruptcies will not multiply the less every day for all that; and the whole may possibly end in an universal bankruptcy. In fine, how much gold and silver, wrought or in specie, is destroyed by the waves of the sea, or by fires? How much has been buried in war time? The scarcity of precious metals must then necessarily go on increasing; this is what experience already proves but too much.

A pantomimical entertainment of singing, dan-

dancing, and dialogue, has been produced at the Hay-market, by the name of *Here and There and every Where.*

It is a very pleaſing aſſemblage of the uſual contrivances of pantomimes, the greater part of which are happily adapted to the follies and foibles of the preſent day. The incidents are truly laughable, and the dialogue contains many points of fine ſatire, which had a peculiarly happy effect. The exhibition of a noted quack, who is termed *Humbug all-o,*—the dancing dogs, and other temporary *rages*, are brought on in a very ſtriking light of ſatire.

The ſcenes are well contrived: That which repreſents the change from morning to midnight is one of the beſt conducted on the ſtage.

Mr Meadows, in a ſong adapted to the purpoſe, gave an imitation of the ſeveral birds; and in the opinion of many ſurpaſſed the performance of Roſignol.

The whole was received with univerſal applauſe, and ſeemed to give great ſatisfaction.

A comedy is now performing with the greateſt applauſe in every part of the *Diſ-united* States of America, from the pen of Dr Franklin, and intitled, *Every man his own Legiſlator*; to which is added a farce, from the ſame hand, called *All Maſters, All Men.* Theſe pieces have had an amazing *run*—ſo great indeed, that it is thought they will ſoon *run* over the whole Continent.

Copy of a Letter from the right Honourable Lord GEORGE GORDON, *Preſident of the Proteſtant Aſſociation, to* JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS, *Emperor of* Germany *and King of the* Romans.

"SIR,

"IF you had paid due attention to the remarks I made on your ordinance againſt the Jews on the 14th of March 1782, and reverſed that ordinance accordingly, you and your ſubjects would not have been in ſuch a ſtate of diſtraction and plague as at this hour. I obſerved much meekneſs and forbearance towards you from that period till the 18th of September 1783, [notwithſtanding your Hereditary Arch-Treaſurer's domeſtics at the court of London loaded me continually with reproaches, inſults, and injuries, becauſe I loved the Jews.] A year and a half was ſufficient time for a man of your character, as to abilities and diſcernment, to make yourſelf maſter of the conſequences of thoſe remarks. I then had the honour to addreſs three different letters to Elias Lindo, Eſq; and the Spaniſh and Portugueze, and Nathan Salomon, Eſq; and the German and Dutch Jews, requeſting thoſe rulers to ſubmit my beſt intended endeavours to the conſideration of Judah and the tribes of Iſrael, whitherſoever diſperſed over the whole world. In a very few days after, Providence, without any expence, brought two Greek gentlemen to my ſervice, between whom and me an Italian friend negociated; and they, at that time in Turkiſh habits, took ſolemn and kind charge of two large packets of politics, under my hand and ſeal, directed to Achmet IV. Grand Signor, the preſent wiſe Sultan on the throne of Turkey, who was recommended to me by a Scots chieftain. The Greeks undertook to deliver my letters into the Sultan's own hands. Theſe letters contained my ſentiments and advice concerning the governments and characters of the leading men in Europe and America, and ſtirring up Conſtantinople, Egypt, and all Judea, againſt the Spaniſh and Portugueſe inquiſitions, and the Italian religion, and againſt your tyrannical aggreſſions in Holland, and againſt the Empreſs of Ruſſia's uncivilized depredations in Turkey.—Yeſterday I had the honour to communicate theſe circumſtances to Monſieur de Lyden, envoye extraordinaire de leurs Hautes Puiſſances, at the Dutch hotel in Hereford ſtreet; and to preſs his Excellency, in the moſt endearing expreſſions that occurred to me, to take eſpecial care that as advantageous terms of peace with Amſterdam ſhall be obtained from you as Algiers has accepted from the king of Spain. I am indeed truly ſorry I can ſay nothing more agreeable and comfortable to you at preſent; but if you will turn to me, I will turn to you. I am under vows to the Proteſtant Aſſociation, who choſe me for their preſident; and am indiſpenſably bound to be honeſt to them; and no human power can diſſolve the obligation. If it is true what we hear of you, that you are afraid of being poiſoned by the Italian prieſts in your own houſe, fly to the hotel of Comte Waſſenaar and Baron Van Leiden the Dutch deputies, and lodge with them; and you will be as ſafe and happy as Rahab was with Joſhua's ſpies in Jericho. I find the Dutch ambaſſador here a very good ſort of man; and I may almoſt dare venture to aſſure your Imperial Highneſs, that the Republic has alſo ſent agreeable and right-hearted men to Vienna, to lead your Majeſty into the ways of peace. Praying that the living God, the King of the Jews, may open your eyes to ſee the preſent truth, I am, Sir, with due eſtimation,

Your ſincere friend,
And humble ſervant,
G. GORDON.

Welbeck Street, London, Aug. 10. 1785.

Jan. 25. At Makkerftoun, Lady Hay M'Dougal of a daughter.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Graham, wife of H. Graham, Chamberlain of Kintyre, of two fons.

DEATHS.

Dec. 13. At Madrid, his Catholic Majefty King Charles III. after a few days illnefs, in the 73d year of his age, and 30th of his reign. He was the oldeft fovereign in Europe.

14. At Glafgow, Doctor Robert Marfhall, phyfician.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Latimer, wife to Mr Latimer, collector of Excife.

14. Mrs Eleonora Dalrymple, relict of the deceafed James Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

Lately at Tobago, juftly regretted, Mr Robert Stevens, fon of Robert Stevens Efq. of Broadland.

14. At Glafgow, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs Helen Govan, widow of the deceafed Mr Patrick Crookfhanks.

15. In the 87th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Robifon, relict of the late Provoft George Bell of Dumfries.

16 At Allanton, Mifs Elizabeth Seton Stewart, daughter of Henry Stewart of Allanton, Efq.

17. At Glafgow, Mr Selby Hogg, manufacturer.

17. Mrs Elizabeth M'Call, wife of Mr David Ruffell, merchant in Glafgow.

18. At Smithfield, Alexander Stevenfon, Efq: of Smithfield, Sheriff-depute of Peebles-fhire.

18. At Edinburgh, Doctor Thomas Ker, late tutor to Lord Doune.

18. At Dumfries, Mrs Helen Davidfon, relict of the late Mr James Reid, merchant.

21. At her houfe in Canongate, Mrs Bailie, relict of the deceafed George Bailie of Hardington, Efq;

21. At Ham Common, in Surry, Frances Marchionefs Dowager of Tweedale.

21. At Scotfcraig Houfe, Mrs Dalgleifh of Scotfcraig.

22. At Briftol, Mrs Crawford, wife of Thomas Crawford of Ardmilland, Efq.

22. At Govan, near Glafgow, Mr Andrew M'Brair, fon to Mr Archibald M'Brair merchant in Glafgow.

22. At Lochgoylhead, the Rev. Mr John M'Lea, minifter there.

22. At Glafgow, Mrs Jean Rowland, fpoufe of Mr Bafil Ronald, glover and breeches-maker to his Royal Highnefs the Prince of Wales.

23. At Flafk, near Linlithgow, James Smith of Bonfide, Efq: writer in Edinburgh.

23. At London, Capt. Richard Murray of the Royal Navy, youngeft fon of the deceafed Alexander Murray, of Cringlety, Efq;

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Ged, daughter of the late Mr William Ged.

24. The Rev. Doctor John Macfarlane, one of the minifters of Canongate, and almoner to his Majefty for Scotland.

24. At Leith, in the 102d year of her age, Mrs Eleonora Atkinfon, relict of Mr Donald Forbes late writer in Edinburgh.

24. At her houfe, St John's ftreet, Edinburgh, Mrs Murray of Balmanno.

27. At Edinburgh, Mifs Dorothea Craigie, eldeft daughter of David Craigie, Efq; of Dumbarnie.

27. Mrs Helen Spottifwood, widow of James Gartfhore of Alderfton, Efq;

28. At his lodgings in great Marlborough ftreet London, after a lingering and painful illnefs, the Rev. Mr Logan late Minifter in South Leith.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Hope, writer.

30. At Edinburgh, the Honourable George Cranftoun.

1789. *Jan.* 2. At his houfe in Privy Garden, London, the Right Hon. Charles Wolfrane Cornewall, Speaker of the Houfe of Commons.

2. At Calderwood Houfe, in an advanced age, Sir William Maxwell of Calderwood.

2. At Campbeltoun, Mr Ronald Campbell, Collector of his Majefty's Cuftoms.

2. At Captaintoun, Mr William M'Kinnell, late merchant in Dumfries.

3. At Tanfield, near Canonmills, Mrs Margaret Grant, widow of Mr George Cowan, cabinet-maker in Edinburgh.

4. At Caen Wood, near London, the Right Hon. William Earl Mansfield. He is fucceeded in his immenfe property by his nephew Lord Vifcount Stormont; and the title goes to the noble Lord's eldeft fon.

5. At Leith, Ifobel Mitchel, widow of the late Capt. Robert Robb, and daughter of Mr William Mitchell, merchant in Leith.

6. At Spott, Eaft Lothian, the Rev. Mr William Crombie, minifter of that parifh.

7. At Edinburgh Mrs Elizabeth Riddell, relict of the deceafed John Wood, Efq; late Governor of the ifle of Wight.

8. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Sir Alexander

Alexander Ramſay Irvine of Balmain, Bart.

Jan. 8. At Alderſtone, Alex. Orme, Eſq; one of the principal clerks of Seſſion.

8. At Lambeth, in the 84th year of his age, the famous John Broughtoun, boxer, or bruiser. He was in favour with the late Duke of Cumberland, and attended one of his military expeditions on the Continent, where, on being ſhewn a foreign regiment of a terrific appearance, the Duke aſked him if he thought he could beat any of the men that compoſed it; upon which Broughtoun replied, "Yes, pleaſe your Royal Highneſs, the whole corps, with a breakfaſt between every battle."

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Hay, ſpouſe to Mr Alexander Macdougal ſurgeon in Edinburgh.

9. At her houſe in George Street New Town, Edinburgh, Mrs Hamilton of Wiſhaw.

9. At Edinburgh, Miſs Carmichael of Maulſlie.

9. At Inverneſs, Mr Kenneth Scherig merchant there.

10. At [illegible] the Rev. Mr James Paterſon.

10. At Aberdeen, Mr Patrick Leſlie hat manufacturer there, aged 75. He was the firſt who brought the hat manufactory into that country.

10. At Traquair manſe, the Rev. Mr Alexander Adams, miniſter of the goſpel at Traquair.

—. At his houſe in Redpath, Mr Patrick Neil, late Printer in Edinburgh.

10. At Perth, Mrs Wood, relict of the late Doctor Robert Wood, phyſician there.

12. Mrs Katharine Sinclair relict of Mr William Budge of Toftingal, writer to the ſignet.

13. At Libberton, the rev. Mr Thomas Whyte, miniſter of the goſpel there.

15. At Cumnock, Ayrſhire, Mrs Millar, wife of the rev. Doctor Millar, miniſter of Cumnock.

17. At Dundee, Henry Crawford of Monorgan, Eſq.

20. At his houſe at Lauriſton, James Balmain, Eſq; Commiſſioner of Exciſe.

21. At Edinburgh, Miſs Charlotte Carſtairs, daughter of the deceaſed James Bruce Carſtairs, of Kinroſs Eſq.

21. Robert Gardiner, Eſq; of Few.

22. At Glaſgow, Mrs Iſabella Lundie, relict of the late rev. Mr William Bannatine, miniſter at Yarrow.

23. In George's Square, Mr William Duncan, eldeſt ſon of Rear Admiral Duncan.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Belſches, relict of the late Thomas Belſches of Greenyards, Eſq.

23. At Edinburgh, Miſs Mary Scott, daughter of the deceaſed Mr George Scott, late of the iſland of Jamaica.

24. At Muſſelburgh, John Smith, Eſq. late of his Majeſty's cuſtom-houſe in Philadelphia.

24. At Edinburgh, Thomas Bruce, Eſq; of the iſland of St. Vincent, ſon of the deceaſed David Bruce of Kinnaird, Eſq.

24. At Edinburgh, Miſs Anne Hamilton, daughter of the late Mr Gavin Hamilton, bookſeller in Edinburgh.

24. Miſs Bell Wight, daughter of the late rev. Mr Robert Wight of Dumfries.

26. At Tranent, Mr Matthew Haldane.

26. At her ſon's houſe in Lincolnſhire, Mrs Brooke author of Roſina, and ſeveral novels.

26. At Edinburgh, Miſs Joanna Spence, daughter of James Spence, late treaſurer to the Bank of Scotland.

27. At Leith, Mr Hugh Cheap, merchant.

27. Mr William Lang ſen. merchant, and formerly one of the magiſtrates of Glaſgow.

28. At Crunan, in Perthſhire, Mrs Blair of Crunan.

28. At Aberdeen, Miſs Suſan Gordon, ſecond daughter of the late Alexander Gordon of Aberdour, Eſq.

29. Robert Ranken, Eſq. of Coldon.

29. At Glaſgow Miſs Elizabeth M'Grigor, daughter of the deceaſed Grigor M'Grigor of Glengyle, Eſq.

31. At Aberdeen, Miſs Jean Gordon, eldeſt daughter of the deceaſed Charles Gordon of Buthlaw, Eſq.

Feb. 3. At Glaſgow, Robert M'Farlane, Eſq. of Burnhead, in the county of Lanark.

4. In the 83d year of his age James Bell, elder in the pariſh of Carluke.

7. At Oban Duncan Campbell, of Glenfeachen, Eſq. collector of the cuſtoms.

8. At his houſe in Grey-ſtreet, Sir John Sinclair of Murkle, Bart.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Suſan Bethune, relict of the late Henry Stark of Rumgally, Eſq.

8. At Leith, Mr James Cundel, brewer, and many years one of the reſident magiſtrates of that place.